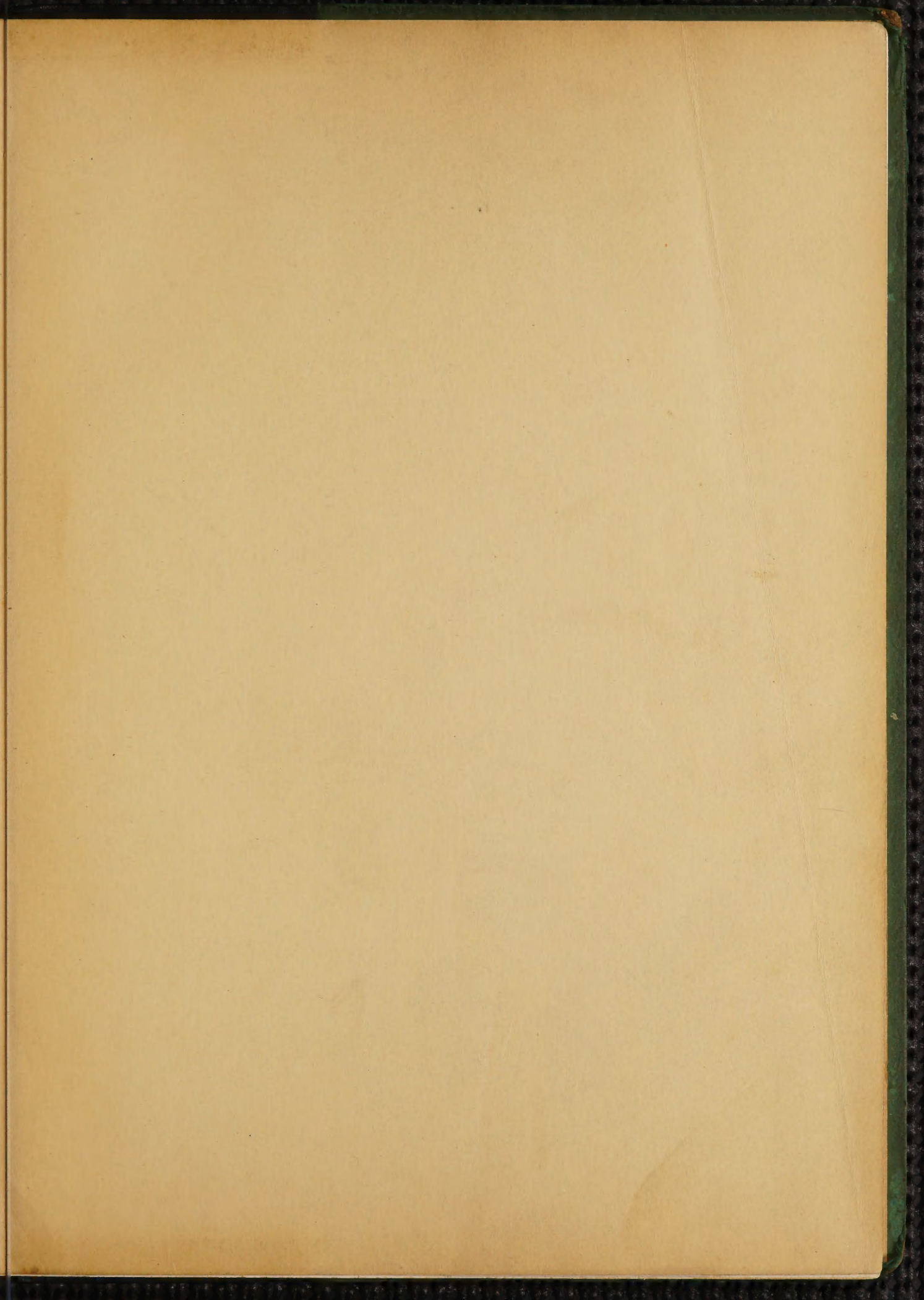
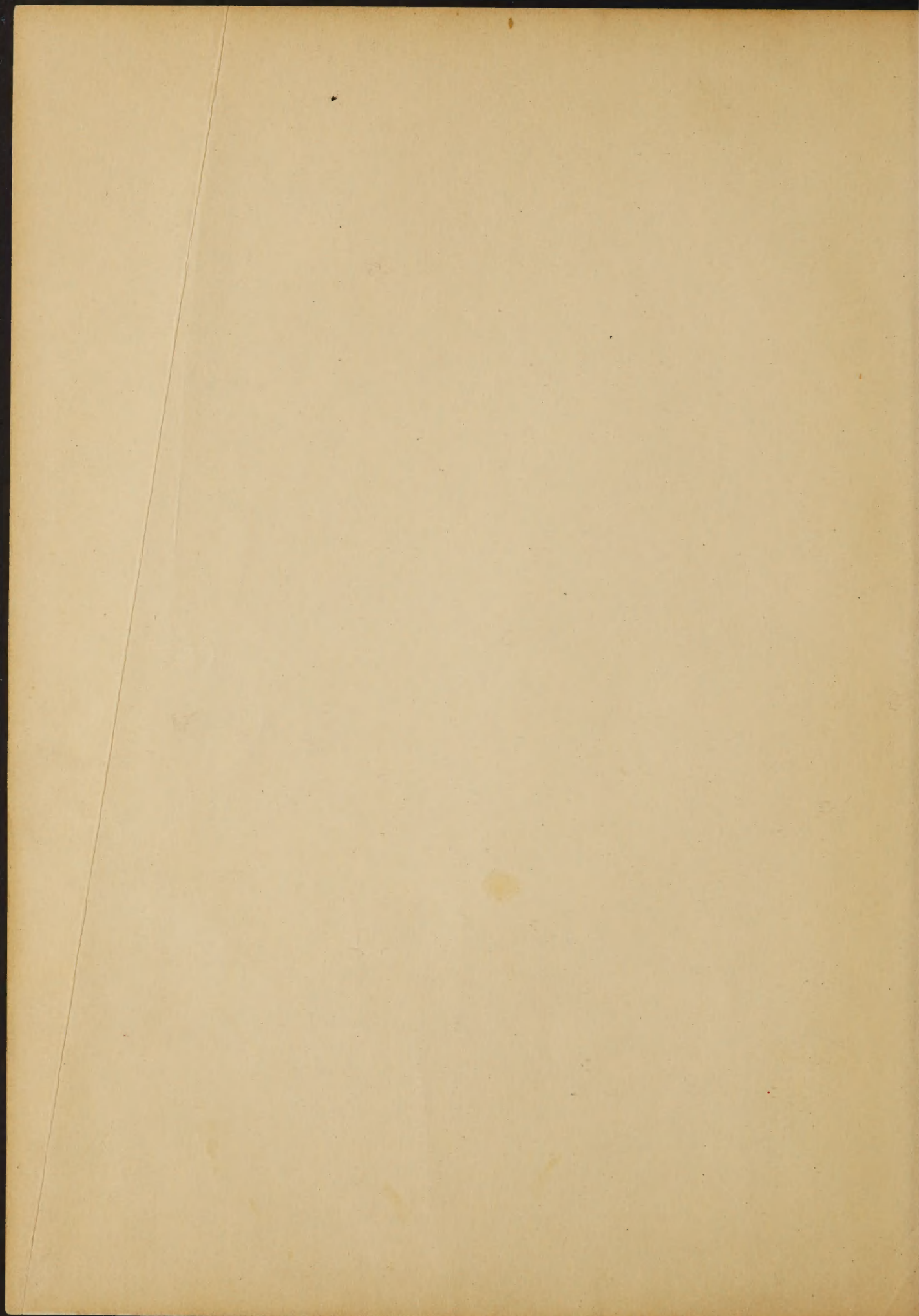


K-5M-E











THE FAULKNER SCHOOL

KISMET

A RECORD OF EVENTS OF
THE FAULKNER SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS

1933-34

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



MISS ELIZABETH FAULKNER

Elizabeth Faulkner

The Kismet — 1934

TO

MISS ELIZABETH FAULKNER

IN THIS, THE TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR OF THE SCHOOL

TO WHICH SHE HAS GIVEN

NOT ONLY HER NAME

BUT ALSO HER UNTIRING DEVOTION

AND SUPPORT,

IN APPRECIATION OF HER TEACHINGS,

INSPIRATION, AND FRIENDSHIP,

WE, THE KISMET BOARD OF 1933-34

LOVINGLY DEDICATE THIS BOOK.



YEAR BOOK BOARD

Top row, left to right: E. STERN, J. SIBLEY, M. WESCOTT.

Second row, left to right: A. DECKER, F. BURNS, P. CUMMINS, M. JERNBERG.

Third row, left to right: E. L. BERMAN, M. TILLINGHAST, J. WEARY.

Bottom row, left to right: C. A. REID, J. ANDERSON, E. SPIESBERGER.

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EDITORIAL

1933-34 is the twenty-fifth or silver anniversary year of the school. We, the Kismet board, have chosen as the theme of the book the production of silver. The first step is *prospecting*, just as the Intermediate department is the first step toward a higher education. The Freshman class is represented by *smelting*, which is the separating and refining of the metal. The next process, which stands for the Sophomore class, is the *stamping*, in which the metal first begins to take form. The beginning of the *final shaping of the product* symbolizes the Junior class. The Seniors are the *finished product*, ready to be turned out into the world as shiny new dollars. The *mining*, the most active part of the production of silver, portrays the Activities of the school.

We present this book to you in this year which is not only the *silver anniversary* of our school but also the "*silver standard*" year of our country, with the sincere hope that you may enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed preparing it for you.

INTERMEDIATE



BURNS



FIFTH GRADE

Top row, left to right: ADELE WHITAKER.

Second row, left to right: S. PFAELZER, N. D'ANCONA, G. LORISH.

Bottom row, left to right: N. MILLER, M. F. BRADLEY, J. L. FORBES.

FIFTH GRADE

MARY FRANCES BRADLEY

NINA D' ANCONA

JANET LOUISE FORBES

GENEVRA LORISH

NANCY MILLER

SUZANNE PFAELZER

ADELE WHITAKER

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Vice-President - - - - - NANCY MILLER

Treasurer - - - - - SUZANNE PFAELZER

Colors — Blue and White

NATURE

As I walk around in the wood,
I like to think and learn
'Bout how the flowers lift their hoods,
And all about the bees,
And listen to the murmuring of the
brook,
And the whispering of the trees.

Genevra Lorish.

TWO LITTLE CAT-TAILS

Said one little cat-tail to his brother,
"I'm sick of this marsh and our cross old
grandmother,
Let's you and me go to some beautiful
lake;
I'm just longing a trip to take.

At night when all the marsh was still,
Tom Cat-tail said to his brother Bill,
"I agree with you my smart little brother,
We'll make our departure now under
cover."

But alas! what a disappointment the trip
did prove,
For Tommy and Billy couldn't move!

Genevra Lorish.

LITTLE WOMEN

Reckless, topsy turvy Jo,
Whose slang would start Meg lecturing
so,
Her heart was set on writing books,
And not a thought about her looks,
Our laughable, lovable, funny old Jo.

Peaceful, quiet, loving Meg,
Often called by sisters, Peg —
With lovely eyes and golden tresses,
She dearly loved gay, pretty dresses.

Dear little Beth in her tranquil way
She very much loved to sing and play,
She was very shy, kind, and good,
And always did just as she should.

Amy's pug nose was her worst trial,
When she tried to be good it was well
worth the while.

'Most all that she wanted was fame
For her drawings and paintings were not
at all plain.

Laurie, Marmee, and Mr. Laurence, too,
Helped make the book interesting all the
way through.

Janet Louise Forbes.



SIXTH GRADE

Top row, left to right: M. GRIFFIN, M. DAVIDSON.

Second row, left to right: E. MARKS, M. HAYES.

Bottom row, left to right: L. HAINSFURTHER, M. SACHS.

SIXTH GRADE

MYRA DAVIDSON
JACQUELIN ENGELHARDT
MARJORIE GRIFFIN

LOIS J. HAINSFURTHER
MARY ELLIOT HAYES
ELAINE M. MARKS

MINNA F. SACHS

OFFICERS

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<i>Vice-President</i>	- - - - -	LOIS J. HAINSFURTHER
<i>Secretary</i>	- - - - -	MINNA F. SACHS

Colors — Red and Black

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Alice went to "Wonderland"
And what she saw was just too grand:
There were the King and Queen of
Hearts,
And the Knave who stole the tarts;
The Duchess was glum and fat,
With her baby on her lap,
Who always sang, "Wow, Wow,"
And turned into a pig, right now;
There was also the Cheshire cat,
You never knew where he was at;
And Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Who were as fat as fat can be;

The Mock-Turtle who was crying and
sad,
And the Hatter who sulked and was al-
ways mad;
The Griffin was always lazy and slow,
The White Rabbit who was hurrying to
go
To the court of the King and Queen
For the trial that was just to begin;
And last of all but not the least,
Was the March Hare, an upsetting beast,
These are the Folk of Wonderland
Don't you think they're just too grand?

Lois J. Hainsfurther.

IF I WERE A BIRD

If I were a bird, I'd fly away,
Fly up in the sky so blue,
I'd fly all day and when evening came,
I'd rest in the shiny dew.

I'd fly all over the country-side
And drink from the murmuring stream,
And in the evening, when the shadows
fall,
I'd see the dew like diamonds gleam.

And then I'd go high up in the air
Up into the sky I'd soar,
And then I'd open my mouth and sing
And be happy ever-more.

Lois Hainsfurther.

A THANKSGIVING SONG

On a day long, long ago
A sound of singing rang over the snow,
For they were giving thanks to God
For what they had grown on His sod.

Their small log cabins have been replaced
By skyscrapers high and tall,
But in thankfulness we still face
Our Father, Lord of all.

So through the years we've set aside
A day our thanks to give
To show we have produced
Upon the earth on which we live.

Marjorie Griffin.



SEVENTH GRADE

Top row, left to right: D. J. KIMBALL, H. BENJAMIN, M. BOYLE.
Second row, left to right: M. WHARTON, B. A. COHN.
Bottom row, left to right: M. LINDHEIMER, V. HEUN, C. STRANDBERG.

SEVENTH GRADE

HARRYETT ROSE BENJAMIN	BETTY COE HUBBARD
MARGUERITE BOYLE	DORIS JEAN KIMBALL
ANN LEE BRADY	MARJORIE ANN LINDHEIMER
BETTY ANN COHN	CATHERINE STRANDBERG
VIRGINIA HEUN	MARILYN WHARTON

OFFICERS

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<i>Vice-President</i>	- - - - -	MARGUERITE BOYLE
<i>Secretary</i>	- - - - -	CATHERINE STRANDBERG

Colors — Chinese Red and White

THE SEVENTH GRADE

Catherine is always talking,
She can't control her tongue,
But what's a little noise now and then?
It just adds to the fun.

Marilyn is the giggler,
But the artist of the class;
Her giggle is infectious,
And her drawings are hard to surpass.

Marjorie is the athlete:
She's quick with her hands,
She's quick with her feet;
When our team wins the game,
It's Marjorie who is to blame.

Betty is the dictionary,
And the singer of the grade;
In her work she does not tarry,
And her voice is the finest made.

Marguerite is always smiling;
So when you're feeling blue,
Go and play with Maggie,
And she'll have you smiling, too.

If you're looking for some one reliable,
Loyal and full of fun,
We recommend Doris
For she is just the one.

Betty Ann Cohn

A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

For all things which are good to eat,
For all things which are warm to wear,
For cozy homes, and parents sweet,
I offer this Thanksgiving Prayer.

Catherine Strandberg.

SAILING ON THE SEVEN SEAS

"Bluebeard, pull up the anchor. Bluebeard, I say! Can't you hear?" called a gruesome looking sailor, atop the main jib.

"Close you mouth, ye big landlubber, or by the Seven Seas, I'll close it for you", answered Bluebeard. "The anchor's been up for two bells."

"Bloody Bill, avaunt there!" called Dagger Dan. "There's a schooner off the star-board side."

"All right, ye swabs, now get to work! Pull down the sails and we'll go for her. Altogether now. Heave ho!"

Suddenly a voice broke upon their calls:

"William Jennings, I'm gonna tell your ma on you. She told you not to play in that row boat no more, an' now you done gone an' disobeyed her."

Bloody Bill began to look as if he were to be hanged, and, scuttling up the bank, went with the maid to lunch.

"Daniel Harver, come here and wash for lunch this instant, and don't let me call you again!"

Dagger Dan hurried off to wash for lunch, the washing behind the ears, as usual omitted.

"Jimmy Edwards, how many times have I told you to stay away from that boat? You took my brand new broom, too, and I'll tell your father, if it's the last thing I ever do!"

Bluebeard took down the mainjib and went to lunch. Just another Captain Kidd meeting broken up!

Betty Coe Hubbard.

A DREAM

I see you sitting under the tree,
With your pretty gown of lace,
And the shadows of the tree
On your pretty face.

With the wind ablowing your hair,
And the robins chirping above,
While the day is bright and fair
Bringing a benison of love.

I see you sitting under the tree,
With your gown of lace,
And the shadows of the tree
Fading away from your face.

Virginia Heun.

"PUFF" AND "BUFF"

I have a little kitten, whose name is "Puff,"
And I think she would make a very nice muff;
But when she is mad she gets very rough;
Asleep, she looks like a ball of fluff.

I also have a dog, whose name is "Buff."
One day he got very personal with "Puff,"
Who in turn proceeded to be slightly tough,
And on one ear, gave poor "Puff" a cuff.

Betty Ann Murdock.

HORSE PLAY

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"
Willie Shakespeare cried;
And yet I sat a horse and when I fell,
I cried, "I'll never ride that beast again,
He broke me near in two;
If he comes near me once again,
I'll brain him with this shoe."

I eat my dinner standing up,
As yet I can't sit down;
I feel just like a beaten pup
And far from safe and sound.

If I never see a horse again,
It will be soon enough;
Mama says I shouldn't ride
A beast so wild and rough.

So I guess I'll take her counsel
And never ride again;
Anyway, I don't want to,
'Cause he gives me such a pain.

Betty Coe Hubbard

A BUTTERFLY

A pretty butterfly
Goes fluttering in the sky,
With its bright wings of orange and brown;
Goes first to the rose and then to the thistle down;
Then to the buttercup, all yellow and gold,
And last of all the poppy so bold;
It flutters around
And then settles to the ground.

Virginia Heun



EIGHTH GRADE

Left to right: R. BLAIR, S. HAYES, B. MURDOCK, E. RANNEY.

EIGHTH GRADE

RILLA MARJORIE BLAIR

BETTY ANN MURDOCK

SALLY JANE HAYES

MARY KING NICHOLAS

ESTHER RANNEY

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	SALLY JANE HAYES
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<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	RILLA MARJORIE BLAIR
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARY KING NICHOLAS

Colors — Light Blue and Yellow

THIRTEENTH HOLE

On the night of June thirteenth, a pale, full moon shone down on Max Garfield as he trudged across a well known country club's golf course. His gray hat was pulled completely over his forehead to protect it from the wind that whistled through the nearby trees and across the golf course. His heavy overcoat's collar was turned up and his hands were sunk deep in the coat's pockets.

Max Garfield was the retired chief of detectives from the Los Angeles police department. He had been forced to resign because of his age, but now and then he would become interested in a case, and at the present time he was engaged in one of the most baffling cases of his career.

The detective seemed to be searching for something. When he would come to a bunker or some shrubbery, he would stoop down and carefully run his fingers over the sand and dirt. Every time he had gone through this procedure, he seemed keenly disappointed, but would rise, frown, and continue the search.

Apparently he was searching for something of great value and something that was undoubtedly somewhere around the thirteenth hole, for Max Garfield had been circling that hole in his search.

Suddenly a great gust of wind swept Garfield's hat off and carried it away. "Just my luck", groaned the detective, and dashed after his hat.

About ten minutes later Max Garfield found his hat among some shrubbery which he had missed in his search. As he stooped down to pick up his hat, his whole face lighted up with a broad smile of satisfaction.

"At last," exclaimed Max Garfield, "I've found it." And the detective pocketed the golf ball which he had lost in the afternoon's game.

Sally Jane Hayes.

BROTHERS MEET — BUT HOW!

A thick fog had settled down over all of London, as poor Jack Clayton made his way to Lime House. In one hand he held a yellowish piece of paper which seemed very important to him. His hat pulled down over his eyes and his coat collar turned up, he stumbled through the blinding fog.

Lime House rose in a sinister shadow against the night. Jack reached the door as Big Ben struck the hour of twelve. He rapped three times on the door. A slide near the top of the door opened and a pair of almond-shaped eyes peered out. Jack handed the man the piece of yellow paper and he was invited in.

Once inside, the smell of incense mingled with that of opium came to Jack's nostrils. He was led through a number of corridors where men and women lay smoking opium. It made a shiver run up and down Jack's back to see an opium den.

At last he was led into a small room decorated with Chinese dragons embroidered on satin, and a number of Buddhas on pedestals. In the center of the room lay what seemed to be the body of a person covered with white satin. Around the body sat a group of Chinese in native garb.

Jack was motioned to seat himself, which he did. One of the group rose and went to a large gong which he struck three times. Then the Chinaman went to the largest Buddha and pressed a button. The Buddha opened showing a small door, out of which stepped an Oriental beauty carrying a golden knife. Following her came an American and then an old Chinaman.

The American was the first to break the silence which by this time was getting on Jack's nerves.

"Your name is Jack Clayton, is it not?"

"Yes, sure it is," answered Jack.

"You are accused of the murder of Sir William Donald whose body lies before you." Then the Chinese girl lifted the white satin off the body.

Jack stared at the body a few minutes and said, "I most certainly did not. I've never seen him before, and what's the big idea of insinuating that I killed him?"

"Silence!" commanded the old Chinaman.

Jack was then lifted bodily off the floor and carried in through the secret door behind the Buddha. The men carried him to another and larger room where he was fastened to a table. Jack looked around the room. Could it be possible? It could not be, but there was the evidence. He was in a torture chamber. The American then went to the wall and pushed a button, saying as he did so, "In one hour from now, you will be dead, for you murdered my friend, Sir William and now you will suffer as you made him." The man set a clock at Jack's side and left him.

Jack Clayton was no coward but he did not care to die. Then he discovered how horrid his death would be, for coming toward him was a large wheel on which were spikes, long and sharp.

Three quarters of an hour had passed, as death came closer and closer. The sweat rolled off Jack's forehead. Five minutes longer to live! Just then the door opened and in came the American, who shut off the switch.

His hands and feet being unfastened, Jack Clayton jumped to the floor and started for the American. It was royal battle. Jack received a blow on the side of the jaw which knocked him unconscious.

Two hours later Jack regained consciousness and was surprised to see his older brother standing by the bed. He was slightly battered himself.

"Good boy, Jack," said his brother, "you sure have a fine lot of nerves. I thought you'd go crazy on that table, but you didn't. Now uncle says that he will take you with him and me to India and Africa."

"Then it was you all the time?" asked Jack.

"Sure it was. You see, uncle wanted me to test your endurance to see how brave you were."

Betty Ann Murdock.

NEMESIS OVERTAKES THE SUN

As Zeus was leading the hunting party that consisted of many of his immortal friends, he became thirsty and longed for a drink from the clear brook which he knew trickled down the mountain which the party was then nearing.

When they came to the mountain, Zeus sent his servant to bring him a cup of the refreshing liquid, but the servant returned, saying: "Immortal Zeus, by the pranks of the Sun, where there was once running water, there is now naught but dust."

"Surely I must punish the Sun for his folly," stormed Zeus, "for my throat is parched and dried." And with that he set the company of hunters to work to devise a suitable punishment for the Sun.

"Servant," said Zeus, after many unsatisfactory suggestions, "what do you love most in life?"

"Immortal Zeus, my wife and her children receive all my love."

"Ah," said satisfied Zeus, "that shall be the punishment for this mischievous Sun. He shall never again see his wife, the Moon, nor her children, the Stars."

And so, as the legend goes, that is why the Sun must disappear before the Moon and her Stars may appear.

Sally Jane Hayes.

THE RIVER

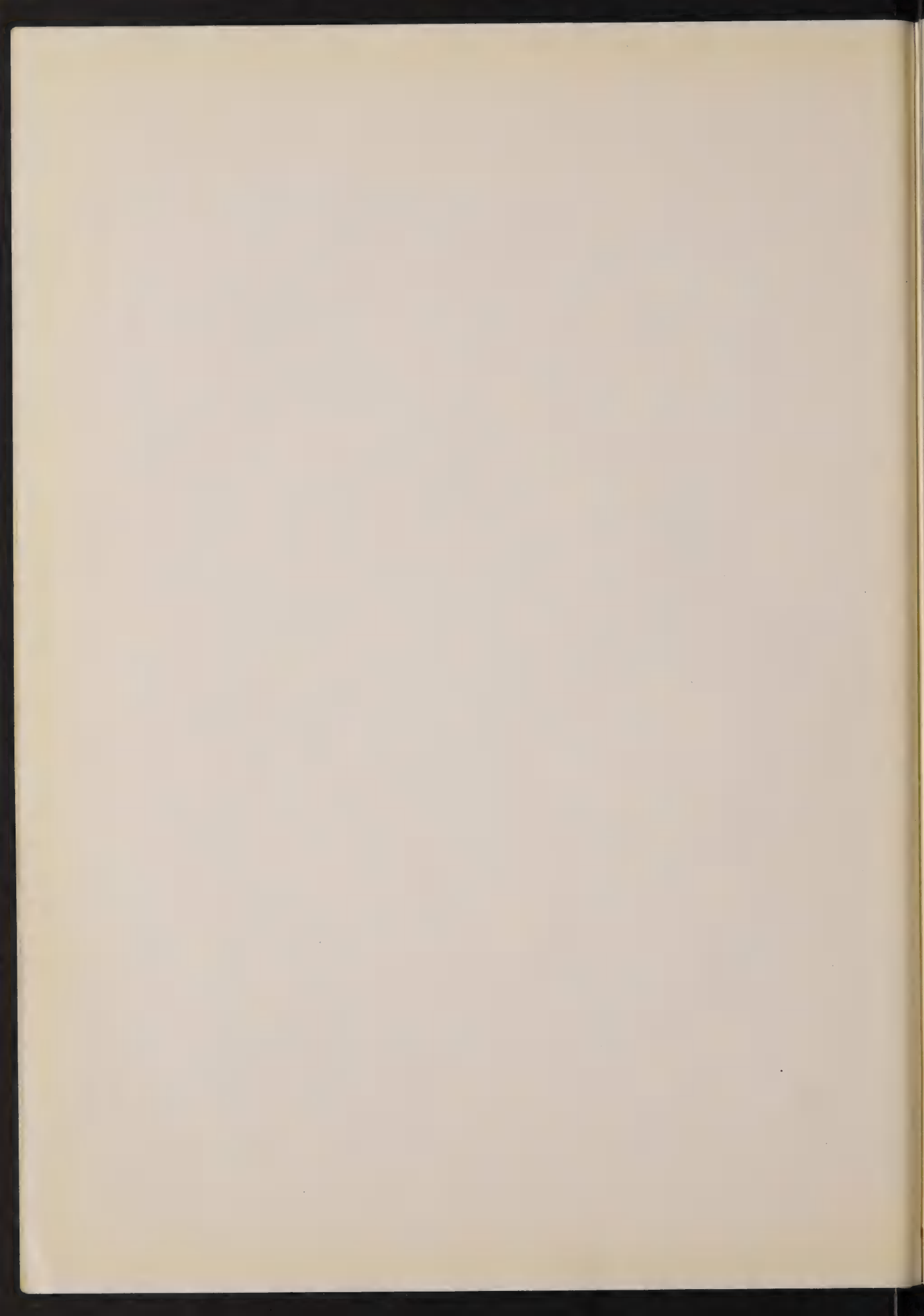
It began high in the mountains as a spring;
And down the mountain it wound its way,
While to itself it would softly sing
As it ran to greet the coming day;
And from spring to river it swiftly flows,
From the mountains through the plain,
Deeper and wider it gradually grows,
Winding and singing it came.

Sally Jane Hayes.

THE ELEPHANT

When baby looks at the picture,
She always cries out, "Why has he
Such a long tail in front
And a short tail behind?"

Rella Blair





BURNS



FRESHMAN CLASS

Top row, left to right: M. KLEIN, P. LEPMAN, B. BRYANT, S. MCKIBBEN.
Second row, left to right: P. WARFIELD, E. FELSETHAL, A. NICHOLSON, C. M. BOYLE.
Third row, left to right: H. REYNOLDS, F. GOLICH, B. RAWLINGS, H. CIRAL.
Fourth row, left to right: J. ANDERSON, B. KAPLAN, B. CLARK, J. RITTENHOUSE.
Bottom row, left to right: M. HOEXTER, A. FLOWER, J. WARREN, C. A. REID.

FRESHMAN CLASS

JANE ANDERSON
KATHERINE MAE BOYLE
BARBARA BRYANT
HELEN CIRAL
BETTY CLARK
ELIZABETH FELSENTAL
AUDREY FLOWER
FRANCES GOLICK

MARJORIE HOEXTER
MARGERY KLEIN
PEGGY LEPMAN
BERYL RAWLINGS
COURTNEY ANN REID
HELEN REYNOLDS
JANE RITTENHOUSE
PATRICIA WARFIELD

JANE WARREN

SUB-FRESHMEN

BETTY JANE KAPLAN
ANNE NICHOLSON

PATRICIA LINDHEIMER
SUSANNAH MCKIBBEN

Colors — Vermilion Red and Black

Flower — Poinsettia

Motto — Labor omnia vincit

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman girls are blithe and gay,
Up to the time of examination day.
Most of them are slightly shy,
At least, when the Faculty pass by.

Three Janes, two Helens, in our class have we,
All different but pretty as they can be.
Our two Bettys are lots of fun
Especially when their home work is done.

Barbara and Suzanne, good friends are they,
And get along, or so we would say.
The two Pats and Peg have ideas of their own,
What they can't do at school, they try out at home.

For Beryl and Nan, life's a simple thing,
They toss off their homework and then have their fling.
Our pair of Marjories, both very bright,
Are always welcomed when they come in sight.

Kay and Elizabeth, the teachers' pride,
Examination marks they never need hide.
Anne, our new girl, we welcome with glee,
And hope she likes Faulkner as much as do we.

Audrey, our flower, we enjoy day by day;
As for Frances, your scribe, I'll let you say.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

It was one of London's foggy, famous foggy, nights. Silently Bob helped Jean into his car and Jean thanked him coldly. He slammed the door and started the car with a jerk and they drove on into the fog without a word.

They had quarreled at the dance and Jean had demanded to be taken home at once, although it was only eleven o'clock.

Jean was staying at the country home of her uncle a few miles out of London. As the two drove silently along, the fog seemed to thicken about them. Before they had driven far, Bob began to feel uneasy. He had a strange feeling that they were on the wrong road. Finally he expressed this feeling to Jean. They decided to stop at the next house to inquire the way. After driving a few miles farther, they saw the dim outline of a building a short distance from the road. Bob got out to inquire and Jean insisted on accompanying him.

They knocked on the door but received no answer. Bob turned the knob and the door swung slowly and silently open. A blast of cold damp air met them, as they stepped into the inner darkness of the tomb-like building. As their eyes slowly became accustomed to the darkness, they were aware that they were standing in the corridor of a vast deserted chapel. The fog drifted in and out of the broken windows and swirled in grotesque shapes around the altar. The intruders seemed to see a misty spectral shape standing behind the pulpit with uplifted hands. Suddenly, Jean grasped Bob's arm, "Listen!" she whispered. From far away there seemed to come the sound of ghostly voices chanting a hymn. Was it only the wind? — Bob slipped his arm around Jean as if to protect her from unseen dangers.

As the voices died away, Bob turned quickly around imagining that he heard approaching footsteps, but it was only a board teetering across a rafter up above. As he glanced upward, he noticed a flight of stairs leading to the belfry tower. At that moment there drifted down to them the sound of distant bells. As they stood there in a moment of terror, they heard the *clink-clink-clink* of a chain as if some enslaved spirit were creeping toward them. That was the last straw! How were they to know that it was only the wind swaying the chain of the bells against the stone wall of the tower? They turned and fled for the open. No sooner had the door closed behind them than they stopped half ashamed. They looked at each other and laughed; all thought of the evening's quarrel was forgotten.

"Bob, dear!" gasped Jean. As his arms encircled her, Bob whispered, "Darling!"

Beryl Rawlings.

THE WIND

I am the Wind; my moods, they change
I ride on a snow-white cloud.
Sometimes my voice is soft and sweet, sometimes it's very loud.
Some think I'm gentle, others wild; some think I'm merely strange.
But I a secret would tell to you, as I roam this lonely range.

When the sunny south turns up its face and laughs in heavenly glee,
I have to blow so balmly, for that's beautiful to see.
But when I ride up north and see the layers of cold, white snow,
With all my blustering powers I blow, blow, blow!

And so they call me changeable, but I'm sure you understand —
I have to go in masquerade when visiting each land.

Peggy Lepman.

MY CONFESSION

Dear teachers and friends, I've been true,
But I have a confession to make to you.

If I were a voice — a persuasive voice —
I would whisper the words of magic to you.

Truths are truths the ages through,
I hope you'll forgive me and love me, too.

I'm going to attempt no flight of mind,
To tell you what's in me and all I find.

I've a heart, a liver, two lungs and some limbs;
A stomach packed with a lot of good things:

A pickle, a pie, some raspberry ice,
And a great many things that are tasty and nice.

I've told you my secret, my tale is now o'er;
I hope you all love me, oh heaps and heaps more!

By



SUCH IS LIFE

Our friend has reached the age of sixteen, and from despising his sister he began to warm towards the young ladies who were some what older than he. The theater intrigued him, not Shakespeare, but light modern comedy. Once during the holidays his chum's mother set up two tickets. His chum, a real friend, and an only child always with money, set up a taxi. Enroute to the loop, their ideas grew with the fare. They would buy American Beauties for the leading lady. Our friend had two dollars and his chum the other six.

The now penniless boys, in their first tuxedos, were shown by the smiling girl usher to their seats in row G. The box of "Beauties" protruded at both ends beyond the space allowed for the two. It did not fit under the seats. And how to get their overcoats off to show that they had "tucks" on? The next embarrassing moment was to rise in order to allow the entrance of the two young ladies who had the seats next to them. Finally they were adjusted to these discomforts and now poured over the program to pick the leading lady destined for the "Beauties".

"No, not that one. I bet she's married".

"Not that one — her name is old maidish."

Finally they agreed. Also, they decided to use assumed names, Below their signatures, they wrote "of New York" because that sounded bigger than "Chicago." So hailing the usher, box and cards were placed in her arms for delivery behind stage.

They relaxed. Peace was not long, for back came cards and flowers with an explanation from the usher to the effect that "Miss Terpsichore Trelawny is not acting tonight." That was a blow!

Everything had to be done all over again. The girls next to them and, others near them, were whispering and tittering. Another name was drawn, the usher called, the cards and flowers sent back stage once more.

The curtain rose. The play began. Not much of it was taken in, for both were too interested watching for the flowers to appear, borne by the most beautiful lady in the cast. Only in the last scene, a domestic one, did the flowers appear and then, alas, in the hands of an old and trowsled actress taking the part of the cook!

Down in pockets, overlooked, the boys found between them fourteen cents and returned home by trolley car.

Pat Warfield.

"CUDDLES"

Good-bye, little dog,
You have gone away —,
In greener fields
You'll romp and play,
While I stay here
To miss you so,
And wonder why
You had to go.

Betty Clarke.

AN ODE TO TAM

Here's to a peach of a pal o'mine,
To a little dog named Tam,
Apollo had his exalted kine
But I'll take Tam — at any time!

When I think of those eyes of his, so brown,
So full of trust in me,
Somehow I can't do a thing low-down,
It wouldn't be true to him, you see.

Oh — he's my pal! We're the best of chums.
He has respect for me,
'N friendship is based on respect, say some,
Otherwise it would not be!

So, a toast to my Scottie, my pal — my "Tam",
As I bring to an end this ode,
To him who helps me as much as he can
By keeping me on the straight road!

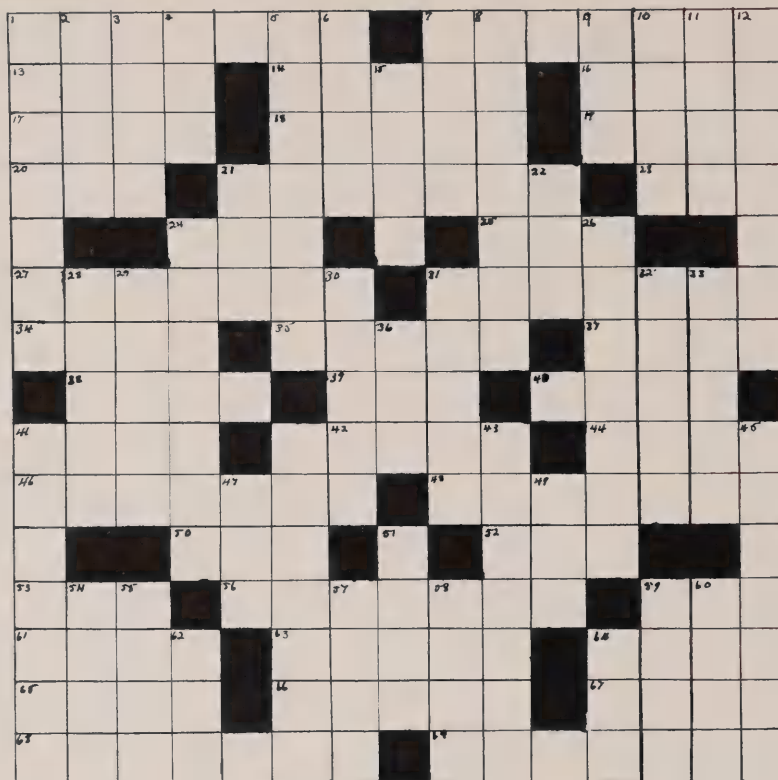
Courtney Ann Reid,

DISCRIMINATION

I found a match,
A funny little match,
A long slim wooden match, —
And on its tip
A big, round, brown patch
And so I knew it for a match.

Often I have wondered —
Without this funny patch —
Who could tell the difference
Between that long slim stick
And a common toothpick?

Helen Reynolds.



HORIZONTAL

- 1 King of Trojan descent.
- 7 A viscid liquid.
- 13 Naked.
- 14 Slang expression meaning "get out."
- 16 Preposition meaning "placed upon."
- 17 To eject saliva from the mouth.
- 18 Peason.
- 19 To cease.
- 20 A small mound.
- 21 A narrow ornamental slab above a fireplace.
- 23 A raptorial nocturnal bird.
- 24 Sketch or plan.
- 25 An electrically charged particle.
- 27 One who lodges in the same house with another.
- 31 Leaping.
- 34 Middle of the day.
- 35 Words used in printing to indicate that something marked for omission is to remain.
- 37 A hint.
- 38 A small burrowing animal.
- 39 Unrefined mineral.
- 40 To see (French).
- 41 Native of Denmark.
- 42 A brief statement of belief.
- 44 Mislaid.
- 46 One of Homer's epics.

VERTICAL

- 1 Refrain.
- 2 Cloak
- 3 One of the Great Lakes.
- 4 To place.
- 5 Flees from.
- 6 Scrutinize.
- 7 A vessel.
- 8 Belonging to Amelia.
- 9 Our—plural (French).
- 10 Preposition meaning "passage inward."
- 11 Packaway.
- 12 An ancient Greek heavy-armed foot-soldier.
- 15 The track of a wheel (plural).
- 21 Used for cleansing the feet.
- 22 The fifth note of the scale.
- 24 Without a man.
- 26 Proper masculine name.
- 28 A wanderer.
- 29 A colloquial expression meaning "love-sick."
- 30 Tale.
- 31 Precipitous.
- 32 The author of "Silas Marner."
- 33 One who tends the sick.
- 36 Preposition meaning "before."
- 41 Used for cleaning the feet.
- 42 One hundred years.
- 43 Essentially different.

48 A robber of the high seas. (Pl.).
 50 A male child.
 52 Power (Latin).
 53 An animal of the mouse family.
 56 Adorned with.
 59 A contemptuous exclamation.
 61 To assemble.
 63 Preposition meaning "beneath."
 64 To possess.
 65 Any defined extent of land surface.
 66 A trick (plural).
 67 Same as 65 horizontal.
 68 A wild, romping girl (plural).
 69 Served last at meals.

45 To forfeit through failure of heirs
 (British laws).
 47 A signal of distress.
 49 To set free.
 51 Sums up.
 54 A word description of aeronautical
 subjects.
 55 To be full.
 57 One (Latin).
 58 Act.
 59 Same as 13 horizontal.
 60 To verify.
 64 Possesses.

Beryl Rawlings

A HALLWAY CORRESPONDENCE

"Miss Hollaway,

If you would stop that infernal banging on the piano, I might get some sleep!
 James Harlord Davidson"

"Mr. James Harlord Davidson,

If that foolish job of yours didn't keep you out all night, you wouldn't hear my
infernal banging!

Lucieta Marie Hollaway"

"Miss Lucieta Marie Hollaway,

Thank you *so* much for stopping your practising (?) until I go to work. At least
I have a job.

James Davidson"

"Mr. James Davidson,

Just because I lost my job and haven't been able to find another one, you don't have
 to rub it in.

Lucieta Hollaway"

"Dear Miss Lucieta Hollaway,

I'm sorry about that job. I think my boss has a vacancy in the place where I work.
 You could try.

I work at 816 N. Dearborn. It's the 'Kinzie Kleaners' building.

Jim Davidson"

"Dear Jim Davidson,

I went to your boss today and he said he thought he could use me.

Thank you —

Lu Hollaway"

"My Dear Lu Hollaway,

I'm glad about the job. Can you play 'Love's Old Sweet Song' on the piano? It's
 one of my favorites.

Jim"

"Dear Jim,

I got the job. Thanks! Yes, I can play 'Love's Old Sweet Song.' It's one of my
 favorites, too. I'll play tonight. Listen at six.

Lu"

"My Dear Lu,

Thanks for playing the song. Now that you've got that job I can't hear you play
 anymore. But will you play for me some afternoon?

Jim"

"Dearest Jim,

Mr. Jones gave me a raise today! I'll never forget you for helping me to get that
 job. I'll play for you, anytime.

Lu"

"Darling Lu,

It seems sort of silly to ask to buy your music for the rest of your life, but it's a good
 idea, isn't it?

Love, Jim"

"Dear Jim,

I think it's a good idea.

Lu —"

Betty Clarke.

TO THE SENIORS

(With Apologies to Walt Whitman)

O Faulkner! our Faulkner! our days are almost done;
We girls have weathered every grief, the prize we sought is won;
The end is near, the praise we hear, the parents all exulting,
While we shall soon march into life with hearts both true and daring.
O Faulkner! Faulkner! Faulkner!
Hope fills each eager heart;
Our lessons have been humbly learned
And from you we depart.

O Faulkner! Our Faulkner! Rise up and hear us sing;
Rise up — for you the song is sung — for you, our praise we bring;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the hall a-sounding;
For you we call, each earnest lass her eager face is turning.

O Faulkner! Faulkner! Faulkner!
Hope fills each eager heart;
Our lessons have been humbly learned
And from you we depart.

Hear Faulkner! dear Faulkner, with arm above our head;
We pledge to thee our loyalty,
As we tread the paths ahead.

Barbara Bryant — '38.

TO THE FRESHMEN

O Freshman Girls, to whom I owe
Some little joy, but greater woe,
How dully would the days drag on
Without your wild, hilarious song
Of nouns and adjectives — all wrong!

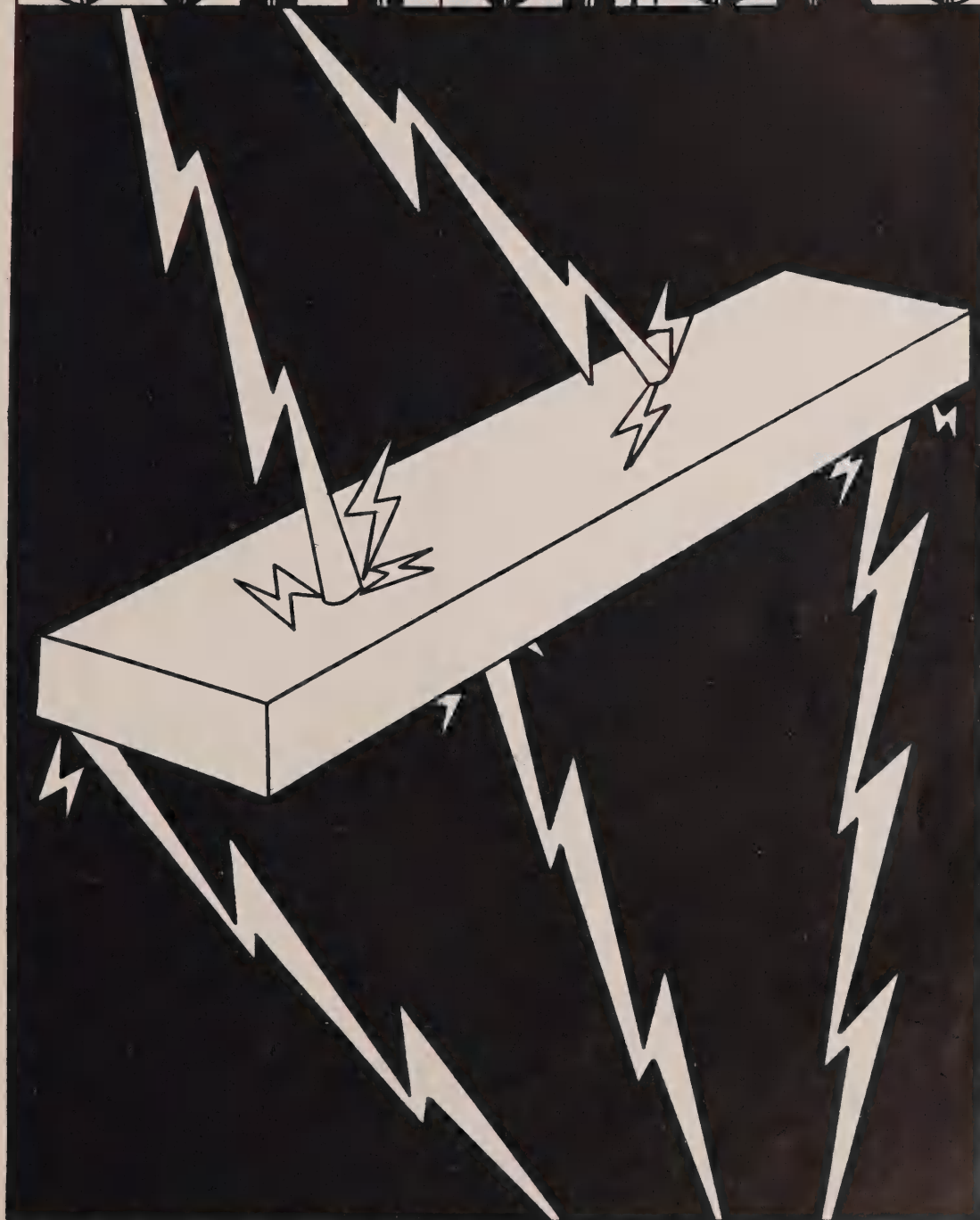
How dark my little room would grow,
Without your faces in a row,
All smiling sweetly, even tho'
The lessons clean forgot!

No atropine your eyes can dim,
And if you'll study with a vim,
In June you'll to wise Sophomores turn,
Then how your little hearts will burn
With joy and pride!

So be my Valentine 'till then,
And work away, like little men.

E. C.

VOPHOMORE



BURNS



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Top row, left to right: G. AMBURGH, M. WEBER, J. WEARY, J. KREUSCHER.

Second row, left to right: A. MACDOUGAL, B. WOOD, C. GRIFFIN, M. STRANDBERG.

Third row, left to right: J. SONNENSCHN, F. L. ALTMAN, T. M. MAREMONT, J. EISENSTAEDT.

Bottom row, left to right: M. WESCOTT, M. BROOKS, L. NEUSTADT.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

FLORALOISE ALTMAN	LILLIAN NEUSTADT
GLORIA ELIZABETH AMBURGH	JEANNE SONNENSCHN
MARJORIE BROOKS	MARJORIE STRANDBERG
JEAN EISENSTAEDT	JANE WEARY
CATHERINE GRIFFIN	MARJORIE WEBER
JANE KREUSCHER	MARJORIE WESCOTT
ANNE MACDOUGAL	BERENICE WOOD

Sub-Sophomore
THELMA MAE MAREMONT

OFFICERS

President	- - - - -	BERENICE WOOD
Secretary	- - - - -	MARJORIE STRANDBERG
Vice-President	- - - - -	ANNE MACDOUGAL
Treasurer	- - - - -	CATHERINE GRIFFIN

Colors — Black and Scarlet
Flowers — American Beauty Roses
Motto — Carpe diem

A TRIP AROUND THE CLASS

Oh! Finally, an *Amburgher* stand, or were my eyes deceiving me? I had been vainly searching for food all day in the hot *Sonnenschein* and at last here it was. I was so *Weary* I did not know *Weber* I *Wood* buy *Pease* or *Kreuscher* salts to go with my *Amburgher*. I loosened the belt of my *Jeans* in anticipation.

"*We'scott* a *Li'l Kays* of *Anne's* apples but we ain't got us *Strandbergers*," the old Negro replied to my inquiries for food.

Greatly disappointed I continued my search down by the way of the *Brooks*.

Altman-Amburgh

THYSELF

"Know thyself," it's better far
Than for others to tell you what you are;
And use your time in finding out
What you, not others, are about.

Jeanne Sonnenschein

THINGS ONE HEARS IN SOPHOMORE CLASSES

"But I <i>did</i> Study, Madame."	Marge Weber
"If the girls in the back row would stop talking, we could go on with the lessons."	Miss Moulton
"I heard the swellest joke."	Thelma Mae
"It was the <i>funniest</i> thing."	Gloria
"Katherine and Berenice, stop talking."	Miss Toepfer
"If you girls would think less of Jimmies"	Mme. Baillot
"What'll I do?"	Anne
"Jimmy called last night."	Marge again.
	<i>Berenice Wood.</i>

SOPHOMORE INVENTORY

Labeled: GLO
Guaranteed: lazy
But: talkative
Sells by: smiles

Labeled: WEBER
Guaranteed: lots of fun
But: holds the interest
Sells by: animation

Labeled: WEARY
Guaranteed: startling
But: competent
Sells by: capability

Labeled: KREUSCHER
Guaranteed: bold
But: naive
Sells by: sincerity

Labeled: JEAN SONNENSCHNEIN
Guaranteed: amusing
But: always apologizing
Sells by: inconsequence

Labeled: PEASE
Guaranteed: calm and sensible
But: is she?
Sells by: sweetness

Labeled: ANNE
Guaranteed: artistic
But: awfully human
Sells by: sympathy

Labeled: KAY
Guaranteed: congenial
But: blushes
Sells by: ?

Labeled: LILLIAN
Guaranteed: hardworking
But: not always
Sells by: being noncommittal

Labeled: JEAN EISENSTAEDT
Guaranteed: curious
But: giggles
Sells by: good nature

Labeled: STRANDIE
Guaranteed: exacting
But: responsible
Sells by: sportsmanship

Labeled: BROOKSIE
Guaranteed: sarcastic
But: smiles a lot
Sells by: agreeableness

Labeled: BEE
Guaranteed: a redhead
But: smooth
Sells by: personality

Labeled: WESCOTT
Guaranteed: quiet
But: appreciates a joke
Sells by: voice

Catherine Griffin

A MUSICAL LETTER

"My Darling,"

"It's been a lonesome old town" since you have been away from "Home" and I wish you'd hurry back 'cause I'm "Singing the blues."

Last night at "One minute to one" I was thinking of the "Funny Face" you make everytime "Smoke gets in your eyes."

I wish you'd "Stay out of my dreams" 'cause I'm turning into a regular "Lazybones."

"Thanks" for the flowers from "The little flower shop around the corner" and I'll see you next week at "Dinner at eight."

"Please" write often,

"Arline."

Bernice Wood

MEMORIES

As Melissa Ward Cromwell rocked to and fro in her rocking chair she nodded and closed her eyes. Everything seemed to be so queer. Why, she was a young girl again in her Alice-blue gown with its wasp waist and dainty pink rosebuds scattered here and there. From her arm swung a wide panama hat with a wide blue ribbon and a great bunch of pink rosebuds at the side. The memories this beloved costume brought back! It was in this dress that she first saw Jimmie — poor, dear Jimmie! He had been dead now for five years — at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. She had been walking through the Court of Honor gazing rapturously upward at the beautiful dome of the Electrical Building. It was said that at night there was some new and marvelous method of lighting the dome. All of a sudden she tripped and fell. A curious crowd gathered immediately around poor, embarrassed Melissa who looked at all these people with the startled black eyes of a frightened deer. She had sprained her ankle. It was impossible for her to walk. A young man leaned forward, gathered her in his arms and carried her to a carriage drawn by two prancing black horses.

"I hope you will forgive me for my hasty action. I have just graduated from medical school and I am out looking for patients. I am James Cromwell III."

"Oh, thank you so much for helping me. I should be very glad indeed to be your first patient. I am Melissa Ward."

Mr. James Cromwell III came to see his patient daily and often escorted her to the exposition.

Melissa felt someone shaking her.

"For Pete's sake, Grandmaw, wake up! Gee, Bill, isn't it swell to be able to sleep any old time as the old folks can? Wish I could."

Melissa smiled softly to herself. Nobody knows how the "old folks" enjoy their trips into the past.

Gloria Amburgh.

THE SECRET OF THE STARS

Oh, please don't tell us what's ahead,
Glistening stars in yon heaven's bed;
What future trials we are to bear,
What loved ones we will guard with care
Only to lose with the day's swift flight,
And weep over the years that bound us tight.
Oh, don't tell us yet the burdens we'll lift
To carry with us through our life-long trip.

Marjorie Strandberg.

AS A CHILD

I wonder what's beyond the sky;
I wonder when I'll know.
It seems so very far and high,
I don't know when I'll ever try
To find out why I think it's so,
For can't the sky come down to earth
Far out on sea or land?
It almost makes me shout with mirth
To see the sky in its great girth
Just out of reach of my own hand.

Jeanne Sonnenschein.

REFLECTIONS

I wandered by a shady brook
Where fairy webs are spun,
Where violets are not afraid
And gladly greet the sun.

I caught a glimpse of satin gown
Of singing low and sweet,
And I saw where once upon a time
Lovers used to meet.

I heard a lark sing to the dawn
Sweet carol to the day,
I listened to the fairy folk
Laughing at their play.

I dreamed beside a silver stream
Where lovely mermaids play,
I saw a bent, old cherry tree
Blossoming in May.

Anne MacDougal.

A SOPHOMORE TRYING TO STUDY

"Dear, have you much studying tonight?"

"Yes, mother, and I'm *really* going to study."

"Dear" goes upstairs, and slams the door of her room. All is quiet for about five minutes then she rushes to the stairs and calls excitedly, "Daddy, what time is it, please?"

"One minute to eight."

"Thanks: I thought I'd missed Hal Kemp."

The sound of the door shutting and then quiet for possibly ten seconds. Then the strains of Hal Kemp's theme song sound through the house.

At eight-fifteen the radio is shut off and silence again reigns. Then the 'phone rings. It's for "Dear" and the sound of her voice is heard telling all about a certain problem.

At eight-thirty-five she bangs down the receiver and again retires to her room.

At nine o'clock both the sound of Fred Waring's theme song and the 'phone ring through the house. "Dear" talks on the 'phone till nine-thirty and listens to Fred Waring till ten.

"Dear, it's time to go to bed. You know Miss Jones said ten o'clock."

"But mother, I've been studying all evening and I haven't finished. Why *do* they give us so much homework?"

Bernice Wood.

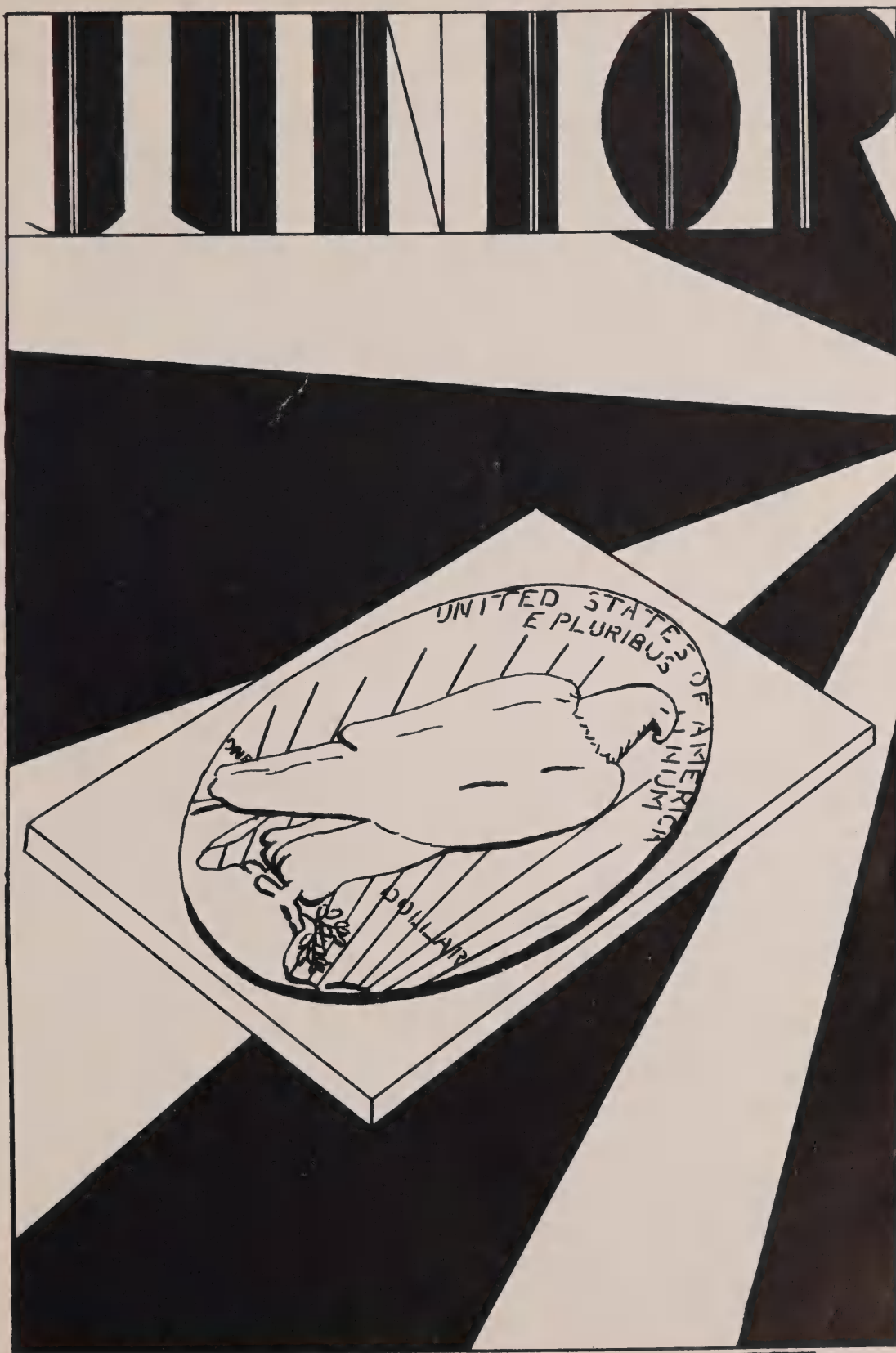
THE PAST, PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE

Few of us can forget the Fair in its glory. At night it was a blaze of light. The voices of the barkers, the music from somewhere — all radiated happiness and gaiety. Around the entrances, transformed into day, were crowds of people, some coming, some going, and some just standing still.

Then one day the Fair closed. Few of us realized what the closing would mean to us. For now all was changed. Only a light here and there gave an impression of loneliness and desolateness. The entrances are dark. Tattered awnings flap here and there. No crowds now, perhaps a lone man can be seen wandering around inside. Where are all those noises? all those crowds? all those lights?

What will the next year bring? Will those lights again blaze forth in a new splendor? Will larger crowds jam the entrances? Will the music again blare forth? No one can say what the future will bring. We can only hope.

Jane Kreuscher.



BURNS



JUNIOR CLASS

Top row, left to right: B. MAYER, A. DECKER, V. BUETTNER.

Second row, left to right: F. BOOTH, L. GOLDSMITH, P. CUMMINS.

Bottom row, left to right: R. ROBERTS, M. JERNBERG.

JUNIOR CLASS

FLORENCE BOOTH
VIRGINIA BUETTNER
PHYLLIS CUMMINS
ANN DECKER

LOUISE GOLDSMITH
MARION JERNBERG
BOBETTE MAYER
ROSEMARY ROBERTS

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	- - - - -	PHYLLIS CUMMINS
<i>Vice-President</i>	- - - - -	MARION JERNBERG
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	- - - - -	FLORENCE BOOTH
<i>Athletic Representative</i>	- - - - -	VIRGINIA BUETTNER

Colors — Green and Gold

Flowers — Yellow Roses

Motto — Veni, vidi, vici

WHAT THE JUNIORS ARE SAYING

Florence Booth — "Skip it."

Virginia Buettner — "What! More homework?"

Phyllis Cummins — "Please sit down and be quiet."

Ann Decker — "Good heavens!"

Louise Goldsmith — "I didn't know we had to do this."

Marion Jernberg — "I know that I flunked that exam."

Bobette Mayer — "I don't know my Latin."

Rosemary Roberts — "I don't see how you do that proposition."

Virginia Buettner

A JOURNEYING JUNIOR

Let's sail to dear old England,
To France and Paris' wine;
Let's sail to far-off Italy
And bask in warm sunshine.

Let's sail to far-off China
And see her ancient ways;
We'll visit crowded Hongkong,
Perhaps to stay some days.

We'll go from there to India,
The land of mystic fame,
Where romance lingers in the air
For you and me to claim.

Then, when our sailings over,
With nowhere else to roam,
We'll turn our ship into the wind
And head straight on for home.

Florence Booth

GOODBYE

This is the end, dear,
There's nothing to do;
We cannot pretend here
That we are not through.
We cannot go on
The same as before,
For romance is gone
And love is no more.
I cannot regret, dear,
But I'll surely try
Really to forget, dear,
When you said, "Goodbye."
Goodbye it must be
With no more to say,
And soon I shall see
It's the only way.

A Lovelorn Junior.

PETER

I was sitting in my window, watching for a friend, when I saw old Lord Peabody strutting down the street with a poor, overfed, too well groomed poodle on a thin leash at his feet. Now this same poodle had won all kinds of ribbons in various dog shows. But Lord and Lady Peabody were far too proud of him and consequently he led worse than "a dog's life". Every morning poor little Peter, the poodle, had his morning airing with his private butler and then his bath given him by his private French maid. Then he was fed his breakfast, usually cereal with cream and sugar from the daintiest of china dishes, and so on through the day. All this would lead one to believe that Peter was a priggish dog, but he was not. He thoroughly hated this life but there was nothing he could do about it.

Just as Peter had given up hope of ever seeing anything interesting on his walk, a big black cat ran across the walk a few yards ahead. Peter emitted a yelp and jerked suddenly on the edge of the leash. It was very slippery and very muddy in that particular spot and Lord Peabody, taken unawares, slipped and fell heavily, right in the mud. Peter, having gotten loose, gave chase to the cat. Inasmuch as this was a cat noted for its fighting, I decided that it was time for me to step in. I captured the dog and brought him back to "my Lord."

When I perceived Lord Peabody's wrath, a thought popped into my head. I reached into my pocket and pulled out my birthday check. Having endorsed it, I handed to Lord Peabody. That irate gentleman glared at me for a minute and then said, "Sold."

The next day I received Peter's pedigree and other belongings. I put them all in a heap and set fire to the bunch. Peter barked joyfully. Since then Peter has been my inseparable companion.

Phyllis Cummins.

THE MODERN MAID

There was a little girl, who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
But you all surely know the rest
When she wasn't at her best.

But now that she is older
She has grown a little bolder;
When she's at her best
Her head is on his shoulder.

Ann Decker.

SILLY SALLY

Sweet Sue said Silly Sally saw some Siamese sailor sliding on slippery street. Silly Sally said Siamese sailor seemed swell. Siamese sailor saw Silly Sally staring silently; so said Siamese sailor stared stolidly at startled Silly Sally. Said startled Silly Sally surreptitiously scampered south to sea shore; so stolid Siamese sailor simply sat staring silently.

*Marion Jernberg.
Phyllis Cummins.*

INSPIRATION, WHERE ART THOU?

The pupil tried, but her thoughts did roam
Over every subject save that of a poem;
Yet well she knew it must be done
Or Junior credit she'd get none.

She thought of rivers, lakes and trees
But she simply couldn't write of these.
She must write of flowers and morning dew,
Of humming-birds, moonlight or — what
have you?

But none of the subjects seemed to rhyme,
My! but this took a lot of time!
And what the reward? a check in the book—
And think of the time and trouble it took!

Bobette Mayer

IS THERE ANY JUSTICE?

Molly's little pink tongue watered and watered and faster and faster she murmured,
"Deliver me from temptation."

Sally had left her place at the long bench in the little school house to get a scolding from teacher at the front of the room and with it a very attractive stick of horehound candy which her "pappy" had brought her from town. It was carefully placed in a knot hole in the wall with one end protruding and within too easy a reach for Molly. Her little black braids fairly curled with anticipation.

Slowly one dimpled hand reached into the knot hole and drew forth the treasure. Molly slyly took just one "lick" — then another — then another. It grew smaller and smaller and better and better as Sally's scolding progressed.

When Sally returned she felt the need of vitamins and upon discovering her loss shouted for the thief. Each pupil was questioned but none was found guilty. The teacher not wanting to admit defeat asked that the children pray for the little lost soul.

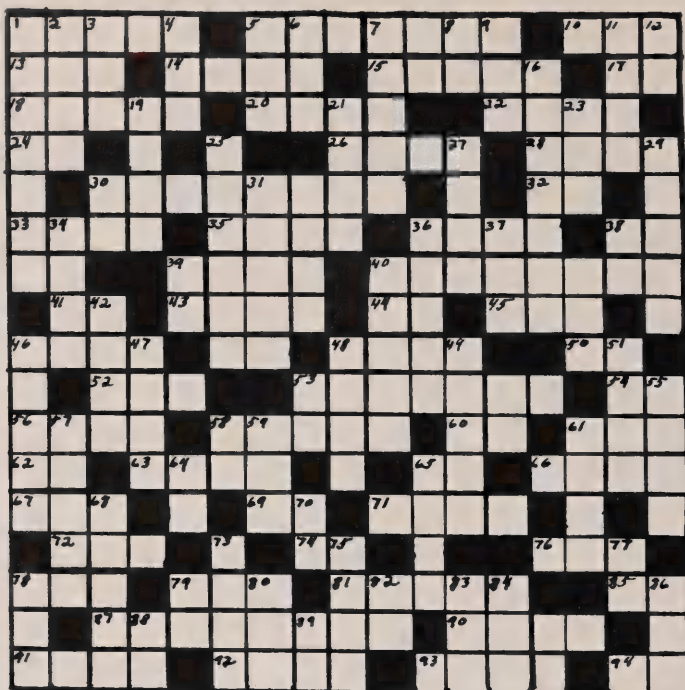
Molly grew more and more remorseful as the prayer waxed on and little horned imps with pitchforks pricked her conscience.

Finally the class was dismissed. Molly slowly closed her books and crept toward the front of the room. A print of Washington in her history book inspired her. She cried, "I done it."

Immediately sanctimony changed to rigid discipline and a twelve-inch rule administered the proper punishment.

"Is honesty the best policy?"

Rosemary Roberts.



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Attain.
- 5 Struggle.
- 10 Strike.
- 13 Paddle.
- 14 State.
- 15 Rips.
- 17 Company (abbr.).
- 18 Express.
- 20 Musical Instrument.
- 22 Repetition of Sound.
- 24 Personal pronoun.
- 26 Verbal.
- 28 Relative.
- 30 Animal of deer family.
- 32 Article (French).
- 33 Blocks.
- 35 Is ill.
- 36 Dry.
- 38 State (abbr.).
- 39 Inquires.
- 40 Foreigner.
- 41 Comparative ending.
- 43 Mounds.
- 44 Parent (nickname).
- 45 Web.
- 46 Emperor.
- 48 Father.
- 50 State (abbr.).
- 52 Beverage.
- 53 Total distance gone.
- 54 Exclamation.
- 56 Facility.
- 58 Fruit.

- 60 Depart.
- 61 Epoch.
- 62 Egyptian Sun God.
- 63 Sets.
- 66 Unit of power.
- 67 Unit of energy.
- 69 Preposition.
- 71 Personal pronoun.
- 72 Greek letter.
- 74 Preposition.
- 76 Personal pronoun.
- 78 Rap lightly.
- 79 Anger.
- 81 Large.
- 85 Negative.
- 87 Judge.
- 90 Vow.
- 91 Expense.
- 92 Good (Scotch).
- 93 Giant.
- 94 Note of musical scale.

VERTICAL

- 1 Round building.
- 2 Part of head.
- 3 Constellation.
- 4 One of barbarous Asiatic people.
- 5 Battle.
- 6 Greek letter.
- 7 Cubic meter.
- 8 Note of scale.

- 9 Before.
- 11 Idol.
- 12 Preposition.
- 16 Kind of triangle.
- 19 Hotels.
- 21 Highest points.
- 23 Color.
- 25 Bothers.
- 27 Glance slyly.
- 29 Ornament for hair.
- 30 Be.
- 31 Enjoys.
- 34 Mimics.
- 36 Glance fixedly.
- 37 Hurried.
- 38 Article (French).
- 39 Preposition.
- 40 Laugh.
- 42 Rodents.
- 46 Adverb.
- 47 Part of fishing tackle.
- 48 Grain bin.
- 49 Bird of prey.
- 51 Pastry.
- 53 Military Police (abbr.).
- 55 Head coverings.
- 57 Artery.
- 58 Atlas.
- 59 Greek letter.
- 61 Every.
- 64 Indefinite article.
- 65 Store.
- 68 Stares.
- 70 Negative.
- 73 Jail on a ship.
- 75 Man's nickname.
- 77 Printer's tool.
- 78 Twitching.
- 79 Personal pronoun.
- 80 Australian bird.
- 82 Personal pronoun.
- 83 Ship's record book.
- 84 Cob.
- 86 Metal.
- 88 Avenue (Abbr.).
- 89 Advertise.

Virginia Beuttner



BURNS

SENIOR CLASS

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	JEAN MACDOUGAL
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARGARET TILLINGHAST
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	BOBBY JONES
<i>Athletic Representative</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	ELAINE SPIESBERGER

Colors—Chinese Red and White

Flowers—Talisman Roses

Motto—Per Aspera Ad Astra

SENIOR STATISTICS

(As voted by the Class)

		First	Second
Done Most for Faulkner	- - - - -	Berman	Stern
Most Dependable	- - - - -	Stern	Berman
Most Studios	- - - - -	Tillinghast	Spiesberger
Most Intelligent	- - - - -	Tillinghast	Davis
Most Likely to Succeed	- - - - -	Stern	Tillinghast
Most Talented	- - - - -	Spiesberger	Spiesberger
Biggest Bluffer	- - - - -	Stern	Stern
Most Inquisitive	- - - - -	Berman	Burns
Best Natured	- - - - -	Burns	Braudy
Best Personality	- - - - -	Braudy	Kramp
Best Company	- - - - -	Fishell	Kramp
Most Tactless	- - - - -	MacDougal	Sibley
Most Sarcastic	- - - - -	Spiesberger	Kramp
Most Reserved	- - - - -	Braudy	Jones
Best Liked	- - - - -	Jones	Davis
Most Beautiful	- - - - -	Braudy	MacBride
Most Attractive	- - - - -	Burns	MacDougal
Most Athletic	- - - - -	MacDougal	MacBride
Laziest	- - - - -	Tillinghast	MacBride
Silliest	- - - - -	Braudy	Berman
Deepest in Love	- - - - -	Davis	Jones
Best All-round	- - - - -	Braudy	Kramp
		Fishell	MacBride
		Braudy	Berman
		Tillinghast	

EVA LEAH BERMAN

Freshman

Student Government Council, Year Book Board, Order Committee, Green Hockey Team, Class Basketball Team, Numerals, Tikipu in "The Chinese Lantern," Kappa Lambda Epsilon.

Sophomore

Vice-President of class, Year Book Board, Order Committee, Green Hockey Team, Class basketball Team, Green Basketball Team, Small "F", Kappa Lambda Epsilon.

Junior

Vice-President Student Government, Business Manager of Year Book, Order Committee, Captain of Green Team, Green Hockey Team, Class Basketball Team, Green Basketball Team, Large "F", Master Ford in "Merry Wives of Windsor", Kappa Lambda Epsilon.

Senior

President of Student Government, Year Book Board, Captain of Green Team, Green Hockey Team, Green Volley Ball Team, Honor Volley Ball Team, Final Award, Kappa Lambda Epsilon.

"All are born to observe order, but few are born to establish it."

As the "First Lady" of Student Government, Eva Leah has managed that difficult position with a tact and dignity that few possess and has controlled the girls, from the silliest Freshman to the most talkative Senior, in a most admirable manner. Her ability extends into athletics, where she is captain of the Green Team and one of its most valuable players. Her personality is such that she has won, not only the admiration, but also the affection of all who have come in contact with her.



RUTH BRAUDY

Freshman

Cosi-Mosi in "The Chinese Lantern."

Sophomore

F. A. A.

Junior

Justice Shallow in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Senior

Co-Chairman of Fire Drill Committee.

*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."*

Hats off to Ruthie, who has been the life of our class. She's always there with a witty remark to cover up embarrassing situations or ready to take the blame herself. Her generosity is pre-eminent, particularly with records, Wilson, and candy, but then, nobody who knows Ruth needs to be told anymore about her.



CATHERINE BRENNER

Freshman

F. A. A., Freshman Basketball Team, Character in "Heroine of Nancy", "The Princess and the Goblins."

Sophomore

Numerals, Music Committee.

Junior

Small "F", Music Committee, Junior Basketball Team, Lord in "Much Ado About Nothing."

Senior

Class White Hockey Team, Co-Chairman of Order Committee.

"Order is Heaven's first law."

Whenever someone's gym suit or tennis shoe is lost, Catherine always knows the exact location of the missing article, for she has capably fulfilled her position as Chairman of the Order Committee. She has shown a keen interest in Athletics throughout her school years. Also, she has a remarkably fine voice and our only sorrow is that we do not hear it more often.



FRANCES BURNS

Freshman

Dress and Appearance Committee, Tidy in "Two Slatterns and a King," Numerals, F. A. A.

Sophomore

Dress and Appearance Committee, Kappa Lambda Epsilon.

Junior

Dress and Appearance Committee, Mistress Page in "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Senior

Chairman of Dress and Appearance Committee, Art Editor of Year Book.

"Men of few words are the best men."

"Where's your excuse?" greets us as we try to creep in, concealing the lack of green in our attire, but the possessor of the voice cannot be evaded. Although Frances is very quiet, nevertheless we are quite aware of her presence for we have found her to be a true symbol of the school motto, "Sinceritas." She well deserves our praise in her excellent art work, which we need not call to your attention after you have seen this Year Book.

MARY LOUISE DAVIS

Freshman

Athletic Association, Numerals, Small "F", White Hockey Team, White Basketball Team, Captain Class Basketball Team, Athletic Representative, Social Committee, Josi-Mosi in "The Chinese Lantern."

Sophomore

Athletic Representative, Large "F", School Hockey Team, Captain Class Basketball Team, White Basketball Team, Social Committee.

Junior

Secretary of F. A. A., School Hockey Team, White Hockey Team, White Basketball Team, Captain Class Basketball Team, School Basketball Team, Social Committee, Host of the Garter in "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Senior

President of Athletic Association, Final Award, White Hockey Team, White Volley Ball Team, Honor Volley Ball Team, Social Committee, Kappa Lambda Epsilon.

"The attempt and not the deed confounds us."
If you've ever witnessed a Faulkner hockey game or been in the gym on any Tuesday or Thursday, you'll know why "Wede" ranks *A Number 1* in athletics. Sports do not often mix with studies but this year "Wede" has won an honor pin, proving that there's an exception to every rule. Whenever any thing is going to be undertaken, "Wede" can always be counted on to do her part and we want to wish her the best of luck in the coming years.



ANNE FISHELL

Freshman

Mee-Mee in "The Chinese Lantern," F. A. A., Hockey Squad.

Sophomore

Philanthropic Committee, Numerals, Hockey Squad.

Junior

Absent first half of year. Doctor Caius in "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Senior

Philanthropic Committee.

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."
Should we at anytime desire pleasant company, Anne can always fill the role. We were unfortunate in having her away from us for several months during her Junior year, but we are happy to have back again. She is always willing to give us new ideas and her opinions are always worth attention. We know that you'll be as sorry as we are to think that, after June, "Anne won't come here anymore."





BOBBY JONES

Freshman

F. A. A., Sub on Green Hockey Team, Class Basketball Team. Dress and Appearance Committee, New-lyn in "The Chinese Lantern."

Sophomore

Numerals, Sub on Green Basketball Team, Green Hockey Team.

Junior

Class Basketball Team, Sub on Green Hockey Team, Philanthropic Committee, Pistol in "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Senior

Vice-President of Athletic Association, Green Hockey Team, Fire Drill Committee, Secretary-Treasurer of Class.

"As full of spirit as the month of May."

Three short rings, another fire drill, and the Senior Class is again saved from the disgrace of not knowing their lessons. Aside from her famous committee, Bobby has also helped us to receive eventually our awards in the F. A. A. this year, because of her diligent work in checking our health charts. Her pep and joviality have added a great deal to the disposition of our class.



LUCILLE KRAMP

Freshman

Yunglangtsi in "The Chinese Lantern."

Sophomore

Tardiness Committee, F. A. A.

Junior

Music Committee, Sir John Falstaff in "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Senior

Chairman of Music Committee, F. A. A. Numerals.

*"Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."*

"Bobby, guess who called me last night?" usually wakes us out of our trance every morning. Through the rest of the day, no matter how dreary, Lucille is perpetually laughing and remarking, "Isn't that cute?" Thursday morning finds her in her glory, joyfully exercising her high soprano (lately become contralto). When we think of not being with her next year, all we can say is, "C'est terrible!"

BARBARA MAC BRIDE

Freshman

Philanthropic Committee, F. A. A., Class Basketball Team, Green Team, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, The King in "Two Slatterns and a King," Pee-ah-Bee in "The Chinese Lantern."

Sophomore

Social Committee, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, F. A. A., Sub on Class Basketball Team, Numerals, Green Team, Small "F".

Junior

Social Committee, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, F. A. A., Green Team, Athletic Representative of Class, Secretary-Treasurer of Class, Master Page in "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Senior

Secretary of Student Government, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, F. A. A., Green Team.

"Grace was in all her steps! Heaven in her eye!

In every gesture, dignity and love!"

Tall and stately and pleasing to the eye, describes Barbara as she has been ever since she came into our class in eighth grade. She has kept the minutes of Student Government in the same neat and precise way in which she has done everything else. We prophesy a brilliant and happy future for her and although we hate to lose Barbara at graduation, we hope that our friendship is steadfast enough to hold through later life.



JEAN MAC DOUGAL

Freshman

Class President, Social Committee, F. A. A., Numerals, Class Basketball Team, Nan-Tee in "The Chinese Lantern."

Sophomore

Class President, Social Committee, F. A. A., Small "F", School Hockey Team, White Hockey Team, White Basketball Team.

Junior

Class President, Social Committee, F. A. A., Large "F", White Hockey Team, Class Basketball Team, Sub on School Basketball Team, White Basketball Team, Captain of White Team, Member of F. A. A. Board, White Baseball Team, Slender in "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Senior

Class President, Order Committee, Student Government Council, F. A. A., White Team Captain, White Hockey Team, Sub on Volley Ball Team, Member of F. A. A. Board.

"Mind cannot follow it, nor words express

Her infinite sweetness."

"Please be quiet!" has been heard at the beginning of class meetings for years. Jean has represented us faithfully in her own sweet way ever since eighth grade. Anyone who knows her as we do, would never wonder at our love for her. May she never change, but go on being the same Jeanie we have always known and admired.





MAXINE RUDOLPH
Freshman
 Hyde Park High School
Sophomore
 Starrett School
Junior
 Faulkner School
 Anne Page in "Merry Wives of Windsor"
Senior
 Co-Chairman of Order Committee.
"Than she there's none more coy; there's none more fond than she."

Madame Baillot has very adequately summed up our idea of Maxine in her familiar expression, "La petite, Elle est si mignonne." We deeply regret the fact that we have known her for only a comparatively short time, but in that time we have grown very fond of her, and next year we shall miss her sweet personality that has become so much a part of our class.



JANET SIBLEY
Freshman *Sophomore* *Junior*
 University High School
Senior
 Faulkner School

Year Book Board, Social Committee
"Best with that charm — that certainty to please."

As a newcomer into our midst, Janet has more than won a place in our hearts, for she has a personality of which we are envious. With her quiet dignity, charm, and intelligence she has become a necessary part of us and we now wonder how we ever got along without her.

ELAINE SPIESBERGER

Freshman

Vice-President of Class, Fire Drill Committee, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, F. A. A., Chance in "Two Slatterns and A King."

Sophomore

Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Fire Drill Committee, Tardiness Committee, F. A. A., White Hockey Team, Class Basketball Team, Numerals, Guard in "Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior

Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Year Book Board, Tardiness Committee, F. A. A., White Hockey Team, Class Basketball Team, Student Government Representative for Class, Mistress Quickly in "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Senior

Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Year Book Board, F. A. A., Chairman of Tardiness Committee, Athletic Representative for Class, Sub on White Volley Ball Team, Small "F".

"Those about her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honour."

We dislike to repeat the old saying that good things come in small packages," but it seems to fit Elaine so well that we feel justified in using it again. We have always known her to be responsible and dependable, and we have found this to be particularly true in her management of the Tardiness Committee. We feel sure that Elaine will make a success of her life for she has always done everything well, everything that she has undertaken whether it be in athletics, studies, or social life.



ELIZABETH STERN

Freshman

Year Book Board, Class Secretary, Olangtsi in "The Chinese Lantern."

Sophomore

Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Year Book Board.

Junior

Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Year Book Board, Tardiness Committee, Sir Hugh Evans in "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Senior

Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Chairman Philanthropic Committee, Co-Editor Year Book.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew.'
When the impossible question arises and has us all puzzled, who always knows the answer? On hearing that one girl surpassed all records in the intelligence test, it doesn't exert our feeble brains to figure out who this amazing person is. Elizabeth has managed the difficult position of Philanthropic Chairman with the same dependability she shows whenever we need anything accomplished.





MARGARET TILLINGHAST

Freshman

Kemper Hall The Faulkner School

Sophomore

Student Government Representative, Social Committee, F. A. A., Green Hockey Team, Class Basketball Team, Sub on Green Hockey Basketball Team, Kappa Lambda Epsilon.

Junior

Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Vice-President of Class, Social Committee, Numerals, Green Hockey Team, Class Basketball Team, Sub on School Basketball Team, Sub on Green Basketball Team, Mistress Ford in "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Senior

Chairman of Social Committee, Co-Editor of Year Book, Vice-President of Class, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Treasurer of F. A. A., Small "F", Green Hockey Team.

*"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness."*

Although we dislike referring to another stereotyped phrase, "beautiful but dumb;" in this case, we can't refrain, for Peggy is the outstanding exception. We know that you will all agree with us that the parties this year have been great, thanks to her. Her ability in collecting the dues for F. A. A. has been remarkable. Her position of Co-Editor of this book has been handled with excellent skill. An athlete, student, and a grand girl, certainly Peg is representative of an all-around person.

THE SILVER LINING

Like the nation, the Faulkner school has this year departed from the gold standard, with all its glitter, dazzle, and allure, for that of the silver, symbolizing sterling worth and sturdy qualities.

True value, qualities of an enduring type,—these are the ideals of the class of '34. Every girl tries to live up to our motto: 'Through difficulties to the stars', and often looks to Jean for guidance, who, in turn, is helped by Eva Leah, our leader. Difficulties are encompassed by Elizabeth, but few too hard to overcome, placing her as a model for scholarship. Many a challenge she receives, but competition makes for good sportsmanship, where Barbara excels. That hard work always produces good results, explains why Maxine and Janet come out on top. To be sure, one must persevere no matter how good one may be; Mary Louise proves this in athletics, holding dear the green and white. Yet, a one man team never succeeds, but due cooperation and athletic ability are given by Catherine and Bobby along with good-fellowship. Spirit and sweetness, both, fill Ann to the brim, while Lucille always joyful, always laughing, brightens many a moment for all. Perhaps it is this which keeps Peggy perpetually cheerful when she invariably is called upon to do something. Her dependability is never wasted and is often aided by the generosity and willingness of Ruth. And what would we ever do without our dear Frances, whose drawings for this book could never be replaced!

There are more silver talents, hidden as yet, that will some day come forth to bring us closer to our aspirations, nearer to the stars of our ambitions. May these talents come to fruition, and may the sterling silver of the class of '34 help them in attaining the goal they set for themselves.

Elaine Spiesberger.

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES THREE

Ten o'clock and all was dark. Everybody was asleep in the building. The night watchman was making his usual round. Nothing amiss but a window left open in the library. He could and did remedy that. Then his routine was to go back to his little hut, set his alarm for twelve, and go to sleep. Twelve came and again he repeated his course, going home, setting the alarm for three and dropping into sound sleep.

At five minutes to three, a light was seen to flicker, for an instant, in one of the rooms. A door was stealthily opened, a figure looked out, closed the door softly and hurried down the hall, down the stairs, through the halls, always softly and looking behind to see if anyone were following.

One minute to three. Thirty seconds to three. The figure held its breath, just as the clock struck three — "burr" rang the fire-bell! All at once the building was in light; the sound of walking feet, trying not to go fast came from all parts of the building. The doors and fire-escapes were opened, everybody poured out, and once more the Meadow School for Girls had held a night fire drill.

Jean MacDougal.

A PROCTOR'S LIFE

Mid rows and rows of desks on high
The proctor keeps a watchful eye.
She bows her head intent on study;
A playful student hits somebody;
A howl, a gasp, a warning given,
A proctor's life is not worth livin'.

Forty minutes in which time flies,
Nothing passes the curious eyes.
Notes exchanged 'most every day,
Which the proctor collects and throws away.
Students balk and call her names.
A proctor's life her patience claims.

Mary Louise Davis.

SENIOR ZOO BUDDIES

Goldfishes	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Peggy and Ruth
Guppies	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Elaine and Frances
Giraffes	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Barbara and Janet
Nightingales	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lucille and Catherine
"Love-Birds"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	"Wede" and Jean

Anne Fishell.

SPRING

Flowers grow,
Babies cry,
Winds blow,
Lovers sigh.

L. Kramp.

APROPOS!

- Madame Craig — "How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."
- Miss Mack — "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."
- Miss Faulkner — "A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."
- Mrs. Burgess — "Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."
- Miss Protheroe — "In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."
- Miss Moulton — "Thanks, thanks to thee, my gentle friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught."
- Miss Breslich — "She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."
- Madame Baillot — "I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now."

Anne Fishell.

?

(With apologies to Ogden Nash)

F for the freedom we have in our school?
A for our aims like the Golden Rule?
U for Utopia we strive to attain?
L for our loyalty with never a stain?
K for the knowledge possessed by our class?
N for our never-failing to pass?
E the enthusiasm we always show?
R for results which are never low?
Put them all together and what do you get?
Faulkner, my children, What did you expect?
Tillinghast-Braudy-Berman.

"A" SUSPENSE

Breathes there a girl with soul so dead
Who never to herself has said,
"If I don't get an 'A' this term,
Then all my books I'm gonna spurn?"
And who, when the 'A' does not arrive,
Does not deep into that haven dive?
"I'll never study again," says she,
"No matter how hard the subject be."
And after she's wasted all her time
She'll get that 'A', I'll bet a dime.

Ruth Braudy.

A METRICAL MEETING

Said Iambic to Anapest, "Come with me!"
Said Dactyl to Trochee, "Let's have a spree!"
Then they asked Spondee who said she'd go back
Unless she could bring her friend, Amphibrach!

Anne Fishell.

TRY TO SOLVE IT!

The letter is the first letter of the person's name. The sentence following the letter is either a description of the person, a quotation from something he has written or one of his famous sayings.

A—"A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world."

B—"I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue."

C—"Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."

D—"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."

E—"Books are the best of things; abused, among the worst."

F—" 'Shoot if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag,' she said."

G—"And fools, who come to scoff, remained to pray."

H—"Give me liberty, or give me death."

I—"A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use."

J—He wrote "Alchemist."

K—He wrote "Ode to a Nightingale."

L—"You can fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but you can not fool all of the people all of the time."

M—"Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."

N—A Swedish philanthropist.

O—Persian poet.

P—"With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart."

Q—Roman rhetorician and critic.

R—"It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort."

S—"But men may construe things after their fashion, clear from the purpose of the things themselves."

T—"To love and win is the best thing; to love and lose the next best."

U—Sir Thomas More wrote it.

V—"Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors."

W—"She hungered and thirsted for righteousness; and was the most impious creature in the world."

X—Athenian historian and general.

Y—A famous Irish poet.

Z—Founder of ancient Persian religion.

ANSWERS TO "TRY TO SOLVE IT"

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| A—Addison, Joseph | N—Nobel, Alfred |
| B—Bacon, Francis | O—Omar Khayyam |
| C—Coleridge, Samuel Taylor | P—Pope, Alexander |
| D—Dickens, Charles | Q—Quintilian |
| E—Emerson, Ralph Waldo | R—Roosevelt, Theodore |
| F—Fritchie, Barbara | S—Shakespeare, William |
| G—Goldsmith, Oliver | T—Thackeray, William M. |
| H—Henry, Patrick | U—Utopia |
| I—Irving, Washington | V—Voltaire |
| J—Jonson, Ben | W—White, William Allen |
| K—Keats, John | X—Xenophon |
| L—Lincoln, Abraham | Y—Yeats, William Butler |
| M—Milton, John | Z—Zoroaster |

Eva Leah Berman.

HIS MAJESTY

The first thing that impressed me as I looked at that huge mountain looming up in the distance, was a strange feeling of loneliness. The mountain seemed so serene and supreme. Down in the valley the beautiful pine trees, with a wild mountain stream winding a path in and out among them and rushing and tumbling over its rocky bed, looked like a miniature picture compared with the greatness of the mountain.

As I came nearer, I thought that the pine trees looked as if, at one time, they had tried to climb up the mountain, but overcome by its greatness, had stopped halfway. Beyond the ridge of pine trees, the barren rock jutted out cold and hard. In some places where rock-slides had occurred, one could almost hear the rumbling as they came tumbling and crashing down in a great cloud of dust.

The sun shining on the summit, only, seemed to give it a great white crown which stood against a background of dark sky. It was a breath-taking sight and one that I feel can never be duplicated.

Bobby Jones.

FAULKNER SCHOOL SONGS

- | | | |
|--|-----------|------------------|
| "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" | - - - - - | Miss Faulkner |
| "Little You Know" | - - - - - | Elizabeth Stern |
| "Look What You've Done To Me" | - - - - - | Exams |
| "Music Makes Me Do Things I Never Should Do" | - - - - - | Lucille Kramp |
| "Lovable" | - - - - - | Jean MacDougal |
| "My Buddy" | - - - - - | Wede Davis |
| "Jimmy Had A Nickel" | - - - - - | Ruth Braudy |
| "This Time It's Love" | - - - - - | Barbara MacBride |
| "The Last Round Up" | - - - - - | Graduation |

*Ruth Braudy
Eva Leah Berman
Margaret Tillinghast*

RIME OF THE ANCIENT FAULKNERITE

It is an ancient Faulknerite
And she stoppeth one of three.
"By that well-known look of thine eyes so bright,
Now why dost thou stop me?"

The trustees' notices have been sent,
And it's there that I must be
To see to the kiddies' welfare
At the Orphans' Nursery.

Lucille hath sent me shopping
For nightcaps for her brood;
Besides *her* nineteen childer,
Six hundred orphans crave food.

There's a bargain sale at Mandel's
And I've much buying to do.
It's seldom I come down to town
To purchase our Irish stew.

A light-house keeper hath *the* life —
All cats and comfort and dogs."
She wist it must be Frances
By the Art Gallery catalogues.

The Ancient Faulknerite looked up.
The other she doth enchant.
"Thou'dst better stay and break to me
What to Bobby Fate did grant.

I have not heard an single word
In nigh on thirty years."
The old Alumnae sat them down
And gossiped through their tears.

"Now Bobby Jones is famous,
And golf is not the cause.
She's been calling hogs from out of bogs,
And her yelling hath no flaws.

We once kept pigs on our island,
Extremely venturesome swine.
The naughty three roved over this land.
We sent for Bobby to call them to hand
And got back ninety-nine.

The prolonged search for our three little pigs
This continent wide did range,
And we came on Catherine Brenner
In a manner passing strange.

It was quite by chance we discovered her lot,
Serene — and most supreme!
She's up on top of Mt. Rainier
Vending hot dogs and ice cream.

She doth enjoy her life, she sayeth,
Awaiting her chance superb
Which hath been prophesied for her
Now nothing doth her disturb.

Wist ye what seer hath this foretold?
Nor in teacup nor in palm,
But through the trance and spirit voice
Comes forth the medium's balm.

Old friends do hardly know her
As she calls the spirits glibly,
But in her trance she shows them plain
Her name is Janet Sibley.

She hath spoke oft to shades you knew,
Two B's who did head our class:
Ruthie's time is spent in chasing
Butterflies on the heavenly grass.

There Eva Leah picnics
And happy, too, is she.
They report this eternal holiday
Is always bliss and glee."

At these strange tales their een grew damp
With thoughts of long ago,
While they laughed and mused to think that these
Were the girls they used to know.

PART II

"God save us both! Hast never seen
A carnival on the road,
And heard a strong voice call for trade
While behind the troupe doth unload?

'Tis Wede, the barker, with consummate skill
Extolling the side show's freaks,
But most her partner tightrope walker
Under whom the wire creaks.

Suspended there she does her tricks,
"Sweet Smiling Sue," born Maxine.
Among this traveling companee
Thou recall'st these two, I ween?

Perchance, if athwart their rambling path
Thy course didst never stray,
Thou hast met some other wand'ring souls
Who 'round the earth do take their way.

I mind me now of Barbara fair
Selling rubbers from house to house.
Her wares include ponchos, and also erasers,
And rubber heads that squeeze and make faces,
Elephants, bathing suits, and a rubber mouse.

I wonder she joineth not up with Jean,
For the latter's goods to dispense,
'Cause Jeanie inventeth "Useful Gadgets
For the House" on the slightest pretense.

Elaine, too, liveth a roaming life,
But hers is a narrower trail.
From street to street her songs she sings
Offering peanuts for sale.

Vastly different is Ann's fixed lot
And one so doleful to tell!
She teacheth babies how to play dolls,
Locked up in a padded cell.

Oh, do not mourn her happiness!
List how *this* tale dost contrast.
The proudest and most splendidest fate
Hath Peggy Tillinghast.

O'er all this world she travels
In an elegant rented yacht,
Following the trade of Sherlock Holmes
To find who fired the shot

Or stole the gem or committed the crime,
All this with the great success.
Thus classmates are scattered through every clime."
"I thank thee for thy kindness.

Much did I wish to hear this news,
To find how all had fared,
That just as together through school we went,
Reunited, our lives might be shared."

The Ancient Faulknerite, as stunned
And as of sense forlorn,
With thanks departed in happy daze
That lasted till the morn.

Elizabeth Dorley Stern.

**"LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
OF THE SENIOR CLASS"**

We, the class of 1934, of our most honored and beloved school, do hereby devise and publish this, our last will and testament:

Eva Leah gives and bequeaths her ability to pass a math exam to Gloria Amburgh.

Ruth Braudy gives and bequeaths her generosity in taking people home to Virginia Buettner.

Catherine Brenner gives and bequeaths her ability to curl hair to Jane Anderson.

Frances Burns gives and bequeaths her snubbed nose to Susannah McKibben.

Mary Louise Davis gives and bequeaths her argumentativeness to Marion Jernberg.

Anne Fishell gives and bequeaths her Mickey Mouse to Marjorie Weber.

Bobby Jones gives and bequeaths her ability to chisel cookies to Beryl Rawlings.

Lucille Kramp gives and bequeaths her avoirdupois to Marjorie Brooks.

Barbara MacBride gives and bequeaths her long finger nails to B. Wood.

Jean MacDougal gives and bequeaths her green skirt with the buttons thrown in to the highest bidder.

Maxine Rudolph gives and bequeaths her athletic ability to Louise Goldsmith.

Janet Sibley gives and bequeaths her grace in Dalcroze to Jeanne Sonneschein.

Elaine Spiesberger gives and bequeaths her sneezes to Jane Weary.

Elizabeth Stern gives and bequeaths her Red Cross button and all the privileges to Phyllis Cummins.

Margaret Tillinghast gives and bequeaths her legs to Marion Jernberg.

We hereby nominate and appoint the Junior Class, of The Faulkner School, of Chicago, Illinois, Executrices of this Will.

Dated, February 27, 1934.

The above and Foregoing Instrument was on the day and date therefore signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Testatrices, The Senior Class, as and for their Last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who, at their request and in their presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed.



Elizabeth Faulkner

Residing at

Chicago, Illinois

Leba Moulton

Residing at

Chicago Illinois



BURNS



FLORENCE BOOTH EVA BERMAN BARBARA MAC BRIDE

THE NEW DEAL

This year marked two important changes in government — nationally, President Roosevelt, and "Faulknerly", Evaleah Berman. Both of these personages won the election by a landslide of votes, and both have done remarkably well in filling the duties of their offices. They have lived up to the standards which won them their positions.

Florence Booth and Ann Decker were nominees for the Vice-Presidency; Florence Booth was victor, and has proven herself an able and valuable assistant to the president.

The records of Student Government are being kept punctiliously and exactly by Barbara MacBride, whose minutes will aid in prolonging the memory of the fine leadership in this regime of '33 and '34.

E. R. S.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

THE PHILANTHROPIC COMMITTEE

We wish to announce to the public in general, and to you in particular, that since the opening of school (September 1933) we have painlessly (we hope!) wrung from you the following:—

145 new garments for the Needlework Guild (school total 170 garments and \$5.)
\$64 in the Red Cross Roll Call. (Sinceritas will out — This was really collected by Miss Farr from the whole school — here reproduced by special permission, etc.)

\$10 per month — pledged to the Community Fund by the school as a whole.

One large Christmas tree, all trimmings, numerous boxes of toys, games, books, dolls, and paraphernalia.

Having been appeased by sacrifice for the time being, like the mythological monster, we shall now retire to our lair to hibernate until next fall, with the exception, perhaps, of a Saturday morning interval at a Red Cross meeting.

ANNE FISHELL

ELIZABETH STERN, *Chairman*

PHYLLIS CUMMINS

PEGGY LEPMAN

FLORALOISE ALTMAN

THE TARDINESS COMMITTEE

Inasmuch as the Tardiness Committee has attempted to lessen the tardinesses this year, I shall try to do likewise to lessen my words in this report. There is nothing worse than long dry reports! And, too, I feel this space can be utilized for more worthwhile (I shan't say important) and humorous purposes.

The committee has listened to excuses as usual on Monday mornings, and I think the tardinesses have not been so numerous this year. We thank you, girls, for your cooperation!

BOBETTE MAYER

ELAINE SPIESBERGER, *Chairman*

JANE WEARY

COURTNEY ANN REID

THE ORDER COMMITTEE

We, the co-chairmen of the Order Committee, wish to thank everyone for co-operating with us in our endeavor to carry out the practically unchanged rules of our predecessors.

CATHERINE BRENNER }
MAXINE RUDOLPH } *Co-Chairmen*

JEAN MACDOUGAL

ANN DECKER

AUDREY FLOWER

JANE ANDERSON

MARJORIE WESCOTT

THE MUSIC COMMITTEE

This year, as usual, we have had Mrs. Oberndorfer for our Musical Appreciation. These Wednesday mornings have been very interesting and we have enjoyed all of them.

Miss Protheroe decided that we should have some new songs, but as we have not yet finished our old songs, we are still awaiting the new ones.

MARJORIE BROOKS

LUCILLE KRAMP, *Chairman*

HELEN REYNOLDS

CATHERINE MAE BOYLE

DRESS AND APPEARANCE COMMITTEE

The Dress and Appearance Committee of 1933-34 respectfully submits the following report:

The rules, established by the Committee last year, have been enforced again this year. We are still attempting to preserve that school-girl appearance by forbidding cosmetics and flaming red finger-nails. We also insist upon rubber heels so that we may go noiselessly through the halls without disturbing the students resting in the recitation rooms.

The girls have co-operated beautifully this year owing to numerous threats of warning, if they did not.

MARION JERNBERG

FRANCES BURNS, *Chairman*

BARBARA BRYANT

BERENICE WOOD

THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE

The first Student Government party of the year was the Hallowe'en party, given on Friday evening, October 27. It was a costume party and everyone agreed that the costumes were unusually good this year. Every class gave a stunt and the prize was awarded to the Senior Class. The refreshments consisted of cider and doughnuts.

The Christmas party was held on Wednesday, December 20. The entertainment was provided by Susannah McKibben, Betty Jane Kaplan, Miss Georgene, and the fifth and sixth grades, aided by Miss Pickens, Miss Protheroe, and Mademoiselle Brocherie. Ice cream and cake were then served in the basement.

The parties have been well attended and we wish to thank everyone for her co-operation.

Respectfully submitted,

MARGARET TILLINGHAST, *Chairman*

MARY LOUISE DAVIS

JANET SIBLEY

FLORENCE BOOTH

PHYLLIS CUMMINS

ANNE MAC DOUGAL

GLORIA AMBURGH

JANE KREUSCHER

MARJORIE WEBER

CATHERINE GRIFFIN

JANE WARREN

BETTY CLARKE

THE FIRE DRILL COMMITTEE

We are pleased to report that the fire drills have been very quiet and everyone has been helpful in every way. In spite of the fact that the first fire drill didn't turn out so well, owing to the fact that the bell rang in only one division of the building, the remaining drills were very successful. Although we have not had the pleasure of "showing off" to the Inspector, or the fire, we are fully prepared.

BOBBY JONES }
RUTH BRAUDY } *Co-Chairmen*

VIRGINIA BUETTNER

MARJORIE STRANDBERG

ROSEMARY ROBERTS

PAT WARFIELD

ELIZABETH FELSENTAL

FRANCES GOLICK

SOCIAL EVENTS

THE RECEPTION

On a warm day in September the "Faulknerites", old and new, met at the Faulkners' house for the annual reception.

The Freshmen, and most of the other girls, even though they would not admit it, were all very excited. First, there was the thrill of being taken by a Senior, then, the warm welcome so well conveyed by the open doors and smiling faces of everyone.

The house was very crowded with happy people, including some mothers and alumnae. After meeting the teachers, greeting old friends, and eating some excellent ice cream and cookies, almost every girl went upstairs to see her desk for the coming year.

All the girls received from Miss Mack programs of their studies for the school year and most of them had a rather hard time figuring out their programs.

After a while, the crowd began to disperse, shouting merry farewells and "I'll see you in school."

Jane Anderson — '37.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The annual Hallowe'en party was given on Friday night, October 27. We all gathered in the dimly lighted gym and speculated as to the identity of our weird companions. There were some unusually clever costumes this year, making it most difficult to decide which was the most original. One prize was awarded to Barbara Bryant as the most original, and another to Frances Golick for remaining disguised the longest.

The class stunts were then given. First the Freshmen presented a very clever take-off on Ripley's Odditorium, for which they received honourable mention. Next the Juniors entertained us with their idea of the Midway at the Fair. The Sophomores gave a skit about a broad-casting station, and last, but of course not least, for they won the prize, the Seniors showed cartoons of the girls of the class as they might appear in future years, while Elaine Spiesberger as the ghost of the future, offered a few explanatory remarks.

Mrs. Tillinghast told fortunes, while Miss Breslich played the piano for the girls to dance, and a few people bobbed for apples in one corner. Refreshments, consisting of cider and doughnuts were then served.

Margaret Tillinghast — '34.

THE JUNIOR DANCE

After much deliberation, the Junior "Prom" was again held at the Chicago Beach Hotel. On Friday, December 22, 1933, the majority of the Faulkner School, a few of the alumnae and a great many people from outside gathered to dance to the music of "Ep" Harvey and his orchestra.

The punch served on the side proved to be a great attraction between dances.

Great thanks are due to Mr. Hubbard who very kindly consented to take tickets, and his firm manner politely kept all those attempting to *crash* from succeeding.

Several of the fathers and mothers acted as chaperons.

It was a very colorful and successful dance and everyone was sorry when it was over.

P. C.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

On Wednesday afternoon, December 20, the annual Christmas party was held in the gym. There was a wonderful tree, beautifully decorated, and the usual number of toys, games, and books to be sent to Fellowship House.

The fifth and sixth grades, aided by Miss Protheroe, Miss Pickens, and Mademoiselle Brocherie, began the entertainment with French songs and pantomime. Betty Jane Kaplan then recited a monologue and, following her, Susannah McKibben did a lovely toe dance by the lights of the tree. Miss Georgene told us a story about Santa Claus Land in her own inimitable fashion.

As the following day was Miss Faulkner's birthday, we had ice cream and a birthday cake for her downstairs. We managed to keep her upstairs until the last minute and when she went down she was greeted by the Birthday Song, and the president of Student Government presented her with a radio from the teachers and Student Government. The green paper covering the lights and the tables in the basement and the candles burning on the green and white cakes all helped to make a very pretty picture.

Margaret Tillinghast — '34.

COMMENCEMENT

"Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set."

These, the words of "Pomp and Circumstance", are, strangely, appropriate to Commencement, when white-gowned Seniors walk in slow procession to their music. Are not the "bounds" of these girls' lives and experiences widened by this evening on which they "commence" adult life?

Our graduation is a beautiful ceremony, too beautiful, really, to change; so each one is very like the last. There are always the flower-girls in their light-colored dresses, providing just enough color to set off the pure white worn by the graduating class, and all the roses in the big bouquets that have ribbons around them and look so pretty and decorative above the prized diploma in the recessional.

Then suddenly, after all — exams, rehearsal, excitement, the address and the presentation of diplomas — suddenly it's all over for another year and there is a reception at school — somewhere through the soft hot dark of this June night, filled with smiling people.

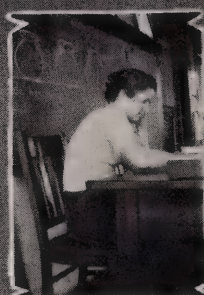
The gym, decorated with Japanese lanterns, streamers, and Oriental paper panelling, (the work of us who had been Juniors) was crowded with people who had come in to dance after congratulating the new alumnae. It was warm and the punch, another tradition, was very welcome. The dance was a good one for everyone enjoyed it.

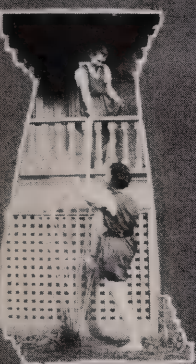
In fact, the whole evening was grand, for the flaws which made the occasion natural, such as the lateness of the photographer and the inevitable thorns in the roses, were only minor ones, and they served merely to heighten the pleasant excitement of this Commencement.

Elizabeth Stern — '34.



- 1 Ye good ole Year Book Board
- 2 Those Pepsodent Smiles
- 3 Andrew MacTavish Jones
- 4 Our Frivolous Freshies
- 5 Davis discipline?
- 6 Where's the fan?
- 7 Guess who!
- 8 Pictures taken? Step in line
- 9 Nuts for the monkeys furnished daily by E. D.
- 10 Modern History
- 11 Girls in uniform
- 12 The Acrobatic Wonders! Palace next week.
- 13 An Apple a Day —
- 14 Wind-blown
- 15 Enhancing the school entrance
- 16 Who's who in the zoo?





1 Between Classes

2 It's a question of Ziegfeld Follies or Faulkner Tap

3 There's only room for one more

4 Romeo and Juliet

5 What next!

6 Snow what!

7 Graceful, eh what?

8 Class Officials — Presidents All

9 Help Keep the City Clean

10 Gone to the dogs?

11 Is zat so?

12 Shall we call your bluff, Kay?

13 Three Little Maids from School

14 Monkeys or dogs?



DRAMATIC CRITIC REPORTS

on
Spectacular Shakespearean Performance
"Merry Wives of Windsor"
Produced by the Faulkner School
Directed by Gloria Chandler
Presented in the Faulkner Gymnasium

The Caste

Sir John Falstaff	Lucille Kramp
Fenton, a gentleman	Bobette Meyer
Shallow, a country justice	Ruth Braudy
Slender, a cousin to Shallow	Jean MacDougal
Ford } two gentlemen of Windsor {	EvaLeah Berman
Page }	Barbara MacBride
William Page, son to Page	Alice Utley
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh parson	Elizabeth Stern
Doctor Caius, a French Physician	Anne Fishell
Host of the Garter Inn	Mary Louise Davis
Bardolph } Sharpers {	Virginia Buettner
Pistol } attending {	Bobby Jones
Nym } on Falstaff {	Marion Jernberg
Robin, page to Falstaff	Jane Smart
Simple, servant to Slender	Betty Cheney
Rugby, servant to Doctor Caius	Phyllis Cummins
Mistress Ford	Margaret Tillinghast
Mistress Page	Frances Burns
Anne Page, her daughter	Maxine Rudolph
Mistress Quickly, servant to Doctor Caius	Elaine Spiesberger
Servant to Page	Ann Decker

By Dame Quickly

Good morning!

William Shakespeare is responsible for this delightful comedy; the caste, for the excellent acting displayed; Miss Chandler for the able directing. The story concerns itself with the foolish love-making of John Falstaff to two women, who happen to be intimate friends. For one who knows women, 'tis not hard to imagine the comical situations that occur, and the shame and chagrin that befall the Jolly Sir John.

A great play all around, and one that gave pleasure to Fellowship House, as well as to us the actors and the Audience (we hope).

See you soon.

Q.



1. Master and Mistress Ford emoting.

2. The Long and Short of it.

3. Master and Mistress Page in jolly mood.

4. Comedy — two wit.

5. Shallow and Slender — This speaks for itself.

6. Will you trip (?) the light fantastic?

7. Now, Boys!

THE FRESHMAN PLAYS

The Freshman Class, on May twentieth, under the guiding hand of Miss Gloria Chandler, presented the following plays:

"The Forks of the Dilemma"

by Priscilla Flowers

The Chief Steward of the castle	Lillian Neustaedt
Anne Hathaway, his niece, a serving maid	Marjorie Brooks
Master Hatton, bodyguard to the Queen	Gloria Amburgh
The Boy	Jane Smart
The Lord Chamberlain of the castle	Marjorie Strandberg
Lord Leicester, Dudley of Kenilworth	Marjorie Weber
Elizabeth, Queen of England	Floraloise Altman

This play was about a young boy, William Shakespeare, who hid in the castle and overheard many things he wasn't supposed to know. He was discovered and the rest of the play is about his attempt to escape.

"Romance of the Willow Pattern"

by Ethel Van Der Veer

The Mandarin	Jean Eisenstaedt
The Lovers { Koong-See	Edna Sullivan
{ Chang	Jane Weary
The Incense Bearer	Gloria Amburgh
The All-Important Property Man	Thelma Mae Maremont

The second play centers around the Lovers who are planning to run away. The climax of the story is reached when they are killed by the Mandarin.

"Square Pegs"

by Clifford Bax

Hilda Grey	Berenice Wood
Giaconda	Anne MacDougal

This play takes place in the Enchanted Garden where the two girls meet and wish to go into each other's century. They finally decide, however, to remain in their own.

Berenice Wood

HONOR SOCIETY, 1933-1934

Kappa Lambda Epsilon

Arranged in Order of Membership

EVA LEAH BERMAN	MARION JERNBERG
BARBARA MACBRIDE	VIRGINIA BUETTNER
ELAINE SPIESBERGER	MARJORIE BROOKS
ELIZABETH DORLEY STERN	MAXINE RUDOLPH
MARGARET TILLINGHAST	JANE WEARY
PHYLLIS CUMMINS	MARJORIE STRANDBERG

Additional Honor Girls in First Three Terms of 1933-1934

HELEN CIRAL	BERYL RAWLINGS
MARJORIE KLEIN	COURTNEY ANN REID
JEAN MACDOUGAL	JANET SIBLEY
MARJORIE WESCOTT	

ATHLETICS

Athletic Officers

MARY LOU DAVIS	<i>President</i>
BOBBY JONES	<i>Vice-President</i>
FLORENCE BOOTH	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGARET TILLINGHAST	<i>Treasurer</i>

Class Representatives

ELAINE SPIESBERGER	<i>Senior</i>
VIRGINIA BUETTNER	<i>Junior</i>
FLORALOIDSE ALTMAN	<i>Sophomore</i>
JANE RITTENHOUSE	<i>Freshman</i>

Team Captains

JEAN MAC DOUGAL	<i>White Team</i>
EVA LEAH BERMAN	<i>Green Team</i>

THE FAULKNER ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Faulkner Athletic Association is an organization for the girls. Every girl upon entering the Academic department is placed upon a team, either Green or White and upon earning one hundred points, is admitted as a member of the Athletic Association. The representatives are chosen by the different classes and the officers are elected by the Association. They, with the team captains and the physical director, form the athletic board.

The point system is used for receiving the awards. These points may be earned: by taking dalcroze, twenty-five points a year; making teams, class, team or school; or by keeping health charts regularly and truthfully.



THE ATHLETIC BANQUET

The Athletic banquet was held at the Windermere Hotel, June 2, 1933 and was very well attended. A propos to the excitement in our "fair" city, place cards were the different buildings of the Century of Progress and the whole dinner was carried out along these lines. Before dinner we played a game of likes and dislikes, in which we were supposed to guess the person's name by what she had written. During the dinner the teachers put on a fashion show for us and then an old fashioned quartet, consisting of Miss Elizabeth, Miss Georgene, Mrs. Chandler and Miss Kimbark (Mrs. Alderman, to you) singing "Daisy, Daisy." Miss Georgene spoke about the fair of 1893 and then the classes followed with appropriate speeches: Jane Smart for the Freshmen, the Enchanted Island; Florence Booth for the Sophomores, the Travel and Transport Building; Barbara Mac Bride for the Juniors, the Hall of Science and Naomi Klaus for the Seniors, the Gondola (perhaps, because of Naomi's buoyant personality). The Administration Building then arose, that is, Miss Faulkner, whose climax in her speech was the amusing story of "Sister, aren't you tired of your life of sin?" Miss Gloria Chandler then told us a little about the Enchanted Island and her work there. Following the speeches came the awards, the most important of which was the award of a stunning cup to the White team. Because we were all very inquisitive, we waited to see Mr. Alderman; then put our hats and coats on and after many adieus we departed for our respective homes.

NUMERALS (350)

B. Jones
B. Alexander
J. Smart
M. Strandberg
M. Jernberg

LARGE F (950)

J. Mac Dougal
K. Meyer
E. L. Berman

SMALL F (600)

B. Cheney
C. Brenner

FINAL AWARDS (1200)

H. Daniels
H. Anderson
J. Paulman
J. Havens
J. Dee
M. Gethro
H. Horton
N. Klaus

HOCKEY

The hockey season started out with a bang (meaning great attendance) but on account of weather conditions, we were unable to have our team games. Nevertheless, every girl who made the team was given twenty-five points.

WHITE

M. L. Davis
M. Strandberg
P. Cummins
V. Buettner
F. Booth
J. Anderson
H. Ciral
J. Warren
J. Mac Dougal
A. Mac Dougal
C. Brenner

Center Forward

Center Half
Right Half
Left Half
Right Inner
Left Inner
Right Wing
Left Wing
Right Full
Left Full
Goal

GREEN

M. Tillinghast
E. L. Berman
J. Eisenstaedt
R. Roberts
J. Weary
M. Jernberg
M. Brooks
B. Clarke
J. Rittenhouse
C. Griffin
B. Jones

Substitutes:

WHITE: Kaplan, Wescott, Rawlings.

GREEN: Reid, Felsenthal, Golick, Lepman, Altman, Boyle, Flower.



VOLLEY BALL HONOR TEAM

Top row, left to right: M. STRANDBERG, V. BUETTNER.

Second row, left to right: M. JERNBERG, F. BOOTH, H. CIRAL.

Bottom row, left to right: C. A. REID, M. L. DAVIS, E. L. BERMAN.

VOLLEY BALL

On account of Miss Jones, volley ball, for the first time in years was made a major sport at school. At first, there was little enthusiasm shown, for the girls were anxious to go into basketball but after playing a while, we all decided it was great fun. We played team games and the Whites won two out of three games. After these games an honor volley ball team was chosen.

First Green Team (75)

J. Weary
J. Rittenhouse
C. A. Reid
R. Roberts
T. M. Maremont
M. Jernberg
E. L. Berman

M. Tillinghast

First White Team (75)

M. L. Davis
F. Booth
C. Brenner
J. Warren
H. Ciral
V. Buettner
M. Strandberg

Substitutes:

E. Spiesberger
P. Cummins
J. MacDougal

Second Green Team (60)

F. Altman
G. Amburgh
P. Lepman
B. Clarke
J. Eisenstaedt
E. Felsenthal
M. Hoexter

M. Brooks

F. Golick

Second White Team (60)

B. Bryant
A. Mac Dougal
J. Kruescher
J. Anderson
P. Lindheimer
M. Klein
B. Rawlings

Substitutes:

S. J. Hayes

Honor Volley Ball Team (100)

M. L. Davis	H. Ciral
V. Buettner	M. Strandberg
M. Jernberg	F. Booth
C. A. Reid	E. L. Berman

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION PARTY

An Athletic Party to initiate new members was held in the school gym, Friday, January 19, 1934 at three thirty. The new members, blindfolded, and looking as pale as ghosts, on account of the flour on their faces, were made to perform for us, after which, they took their oaths, becoming full-fledged members of the F. A. A. — Awards were given and then we all went down to the Domestic Science Room for refreshments. This party was also an opportunity to become better acquainted with our new gym teacher, Miss Praxl.

—Awards—

NUMERALS (350)

F. Altman
F. Booth
L. Kramp
B. Mayer
T. M. Maremont
J. Weary
M. Tillinghast

SMALL F (600)

M. Tillinghast
V. Buettner
P. Cummins
E. Spiesberger
M. Jernberg

FINAL AWARDS (1200)

M. L. Davis
E. L. Berman

The girls who were initiated were: B. Wood, R. Roberts, J. Rittenhouse, J. Warren, C. A. Reid, B. Clarke, H. Ciral, J. Anderson, J. Eisenstaedt, E. Felsenthal.



ATHLETIC BOARD

Top row, left to right: M. L. DAVIS, E. L. BERMAN, J. MAC DOUGAL.

Second row, left to right: V. BUETTNER, J. RITTENHOUSE, F. L. ALTMAN.

Bottom row, left to right: F. BOOTH, B. JONES, E. SPIESBERGER.

BASKETBALL

Basketball was begun very late this year. Class teams and Green and White teams have been organized and games are now in progress. A school team has not as yet been formed, but as soon as this is done, we shall play our annual game with the Alumni. We were invited earlier in the season to play North Shore Country Day School, and whether we are to take the invitation at a later date, is still uncertain. Basketball has been a popular sport and though we did have our share of colds, headaches and dentists; almost everyone has come out for this exciting game most enthusiastically.

CLASS TEAMS

Senior

Forwards
M. L. Davis, Capt.
C. Brenner
E. L. Berman
E. Spiesberger (Sub.)

Guards
M. Tillinghast
B. Jones
J. Mac Dougal
J. Sibley (Sub.)

Junior

Forwards
M. Jernberg, Capt.
V. Buettner
B. Mayer

Guards
F. Booth
R. Roberts
P. Cummins

Sophomore

Forwards
M. Strandberg
T. M. Maremont
F. Altman
M. Brooks (Sub.)

Guards
A. Mac Dougal, Capt.
G. Amburgh
J. Weary
J. Eisenstaedt (Sub.)
J. Kreuscher (Sub.)

Freshmen

Forwards
C. A. Reid, Capt.
P. Lepman
J. Warren
H. Ciral (Sub.)

Guards
J. Rittenhouse
J. Anderson
S. McKibbin
E. Felsenthal (Sub.)
B. Bryant (Sub.)

Class Games

Juniors vs. Freshmen	-	-	18- 2	Juniors vs. Sophomores	-	-	20-12
Seniors vs. Sophomores	-	-	13- 6	Freshmen vs. Sophomores	-	-	16-15
Seniors vs. Freshmen	-	-	22- 4	Seniors vs. Juniors	-	-	24-12

Basketball Teams

GREEN

Forwards	Guards
M. Jernberg	R. Roberts
C. A. Reid	M. Tillinghast
E. L. Berman	B. Jones
T. M. Maremont (Sub.)	J. Weary (Sub.)
	J. Rittenhouse (Sub.)

WHITE

Forwards	Guards
M. L. Davis	F. Booth
M. Strandberg	A. Mac Dougal
C. Brenner	J. Mac Dougal
V. Buettner (Sub.)	P. Cummins (Sub.)
J. Warren (Sub.)	H. Ciral (Sub.)

From the scores of the class games there is certain proof that the Seniors are the victorious team. The Green and White team games have not been completed; although the first game was played and the Whites won with a grand total of 42 points to the 17 points of the Greens. There will be two out of three games played, the final one to take place the night of the Competitive drill, March 23. The drill this year will be particularly interesting for we are featuring tap dancing and a great many new formations in the gym work. After spring vacation, we shall turn our eyes to baseball and tennis and we hope that we shall enjoy them as much as we have enjoyed our other sports.

Eva Leah Berman.



FAULKNER ALUMNAE REPORT

The annual business meeting of the Faulkner School Alumnae Association was held on December 29, 1933, at the College Club. Instead of the luncheon that has been customary, a tea was given.

Mrs. Ferris White, the president, presided. She gave a report of the luncheon and bridge given in November by the Alumnae. The by-laws were read, and by unanimous vote Article 6 was changed.

Nominations and election of officers took place, and the following officers were elected for the year 1934:

<i>President</i>	BETTY PATTERSON (1931)
<i>Vice President</i>	ROBERTA STORMS (1931)
<i>Secretary</i>	CARYL CUMMINGS (1928)
<i>Treasurer</i>	JOYCE MUNDT (1928)

After the meeting Miss Faulkner spoke a few words of greeting to the Alumnae. It is with great pleasure that we look forward to welcoming the class of 1934.

Betty Patterson, President

1930

ROSEMARY BARCLAY, Oberlin College, (1930-1931); Grinnell College (1931-).

FLORENCE RUTH BINSWANGER, Wellesley College, (1930-1934).

MARGARET BURNS, University of Chicago, (1930-1934).

GRACE ELIZABETH CHETHAM, University of Chicago, (1930-1931); Secretarial work.

LAURA ADELAIDE CLARK, University of Wisconsin, (1930-1934).

LUCILE GOTTSCHALK, University of Chicago, (1930-1934).

MARION RUTH HAMMOND, Art Institute, (1930-1932).

THERESE HERBST, University of Wisconsin, (1930-1934).

DOROTHY LOUISE KRIETENSTEIN, Rockford College, (1931-1933); Business College.

LAVINIA ELEANOR LILLROTH, Grinnell College, (1930-1931); Secretarial work.

MARJORIE McLERIE, Connecticut College, (1930-1931); Rockford College, (1931-1934).

PATRICIA MORSE, Art Institute, (1930-1931); Pestalozzi-Froebel Kindergarten College, (1931-1933).

JUNE VIRGINIA MURRAY, Secretarial work.

ADELAIDE NEUBERGER, University of Wisconsin, (1930-1932).

ELIZABETH ANNE OBERNDORFER, Smith College, (1930-1934).

RUTH MARY PORTIS, Smith College, (1930-1932); Dramatic Art, Chicago, (1932-).

PHOEBE STEVENS, University of Chicago, (1930-1932); (Mrs. Charles E. Dillon; has a son).

BARBARA CHAPMAN WILSON, University of Chicago, (1930-1931); with Marshall Field & Company (1933-).

ELAINE WORMSER, Pine Manor (Junior College), (1931-1932); University of Chicago, (1932-).

1931

CHARMIAN NEVILLE CRISSY, Art Institute.

VIRGINIA KELLER, Goucher College, (1931-1933); Northwestern University (1933-).

CLAUDIA HELEN LATHROP, Hyde Park High School, Post-Graduate, Mathematical and Secretarial work, (1931-1932); DePauw University, (1932-).

ROSE JANE LEVY, (Mrs. Myron Hexter).

VIOLET MAIR, Moser Business College; Secretarial work.

JANET MAYER, Pestalozzi-Froebel Kindergarten College, (1931-33); engaged to Arthur G. Levy, Jr.

RUTH MAYER, Pestalozzi-Froebel Kindergarten College, (1931-33); married to Nathan W. Rubel, February, 1934.

CLARA MARGARET MORLEY, University of Chicago, (1931-).

PATRICIA NORTON, Columbia School of Music, (1931-).

BETTY PATTERSON, University of Chicago, (1931-).

ISABELLE FAULKNER PHINNEY, Marot Junior College, (1931-1933); Secretarial work (1933-).

ROBERTA STORMS, University of Chicago, (1931-).

VIRGINIA WHITFIELD TILDEN, University of Chicago, (1931-1932); Columbia College of Expression, (1933-).

BETTY LEE WILSON, Lindenwood College, (1931-1932); Wooster College (1932-).

1932

MARION ESTHER BARQUIST, Beloit College, (1932-).

PHYLLIS WILLIAMS BURNELL, Mt. Holyoke College, (1932-).

PATTI BURNHAM, University of Illinois, (1932-).

VIRGINIA ALBRIGHT DORWART, Art Institute, (1932-).

HELEN FREISLEBEN, Skidmore College, (1932-1933); University of Chicago, (1933-).

MAXINE STEELE GOODKIND, Edgewood Park Junior College, (1932-).

MARJORIE ISAACS, Domestic Science School, (1932-). Married Walter E. Metz, December, 1933.

PHYLLIS JONES, Rollins College, (1932-).

MARGERY ANN PURVIN, Edgewood Park Junior College, (1932-).

ELIZABETH QUIMBY, University of Chicago, (1932-). Married George Booth, February, 1933.

CORALYN ELEANOR REID, Pine Manor, (1932-1934).

MARGARET THERESA SCHREINER, Art Institute (Goodman School), (1932-).

RITA LOUISE SPIESBERGER, University of Chicago, (1932-1933); Chicago Teachers College, (1933-).

GLADYS ELIZABETH SULLIVAN, Bryant & Stratton Business College, (1932-1933).

- ELINOR BRAUDY, St. Francis Xavier Junior College, (1933-).
HELEN DANIELS, Smith College, (1933-).
JANE DEE, University of South Dakota, (1933-).
THERESA DRAKE, Pine Manor (Junior College), (1933-).
MARGARET GETHRO, Rollins College, (1933-).
JEANNETTE HAVENS, Mills College, (1933-).
LEONA HIRSCHFELD, Northwestern University; University of Chicago, (1933-).
MARJORIE HITCHENS, accepted at Leland Stanford, Jr. University; did not go.
HEATH HORTON, Sarah Lawrence College, (1933-).
NAOMI KLAUS, University of Indiana, (1933-).
ELIZABETH KRIETENSTEIN, Lewis Institute, (Jan. 1934-).
KATE MEYER, Swarthmore College, (1933-).
HELEN LEE MUSICK, Beloit College, (1933-).
JAYNE PAULMAN, University of Chicago, (1933-).
ANNE ROSENTHAL, Art Institute, (1933-).
JANET ROSENTHAL, University of Chicago, (1933-).
HELOISE RUSSELL, Rockford College, (1933-).
JANE WINEMAN, Connecticut College, (1933-).

1933

- HELEN ANDERSEN, University of Chicago, (1933-).
ETHEL BARQUIST, Beloit College, (1933-).
DOROTHY BOBINSKY, University of Chicago, (1933-).



THE GRAND CANYON

When I thought of the Grand Canyon, it rather terrified me, for I pictured only an immense hole in the earth, merely a hole, but when I saw it, I realized what it really is. It was a panorama, a moving picture before my eyes, nothing was the same. It was constantly changing.

When I first approached this mighty spectacle in the early morning, its gorgeous coloring was almost bewildering. The shadows continually altered, and the rays of the ascending sun played gently on the mountain tops. Looking down from the rim of the canyon, I saw a beautiful setting with lofty buildings, and down in the very bottom, the Colorado River wove its way through these majestic forms, like a snake.

Towards noon, I viewed it again and this time the whole canyon seemed to be afire. Everything was awakened and the most exquisite colors were brought out in the rocks, though the sight itself was not so spectacular as before, for the shadows help to outline the forms and to mark the definiteness of the lines. Somehow, without these, the walls flatten and the depth of the picture is lost.

As afternoon progressed, the pageant before me reversed and altered its outline, but again the spell of the morning's sight fell upon me, like a charm. Though it was the same canyon, it appeared new, for where, in the morning, I thought surely I had seen a tall peak, I suddenly realized that now there was the form of a person's face. My temples became again alive and seemed to be gazing upward at the vast blue of the heavens. The contrast between the azure of the sky and the gleaming red, yellow and orange of the canyon is extraordinary.

Next, I saw the canyon after sunset, with the reds slowly deepening into purples and the rest of the colors going into dark blues. Then the last view I had was on a bleak, moonless night with the intrigues of many unfathomed mysteries sinking into the canyon.

Eva Leah Berman—'34

REFLECTIONS IN A TUB

The waters warm embrace me
With soft and soothing caress;
The gentle waters wrap me
And bring me happiness.

The summer sun shines on me;
Its rays are bright and warm,
And all the brilliant verdure
Is at its fullest charm.

And these are lazy, happy days.
Serene the water lies,
Calm and blue and glassy
Like the clear midsummer skies.

Beneath the cloudless heavens,
In the hot bright golden haze,
In the peace of the idle tropics
The drowsy islands laze.

Over the seething summer life
There hangs a magic trance;
The coral reefs and the palm trees
Have the clothing of romance.

Oh, pleasant glowing visions—these,
In colors vivid and bright,
Calm happy dreams of summer days
That bring me warm delight.

Elizabeth Stern—'34

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

In Japan, long, long ago, there lived a man who had a wife and daughter whom he loved very dearly.

Tuitsi, the husband, at one time had to go to Tokio on business. On his return he brought to his wife, Shokuji, a looking glass. Into it she looked and saw her own smiling and contented face. That it was herself looking out at her she did not know, never having held a mirror before.

"What do you see?" Tuitsi asked.

"I see a beautiful woman, who moves her lips as if she were speaking," answered Shokuji.

"That is yourself, foolish one," the husband said.

After being told this, Shokuji would look into the mirror everyday and chatter gayly about it to her little baby girl, Mino San. But she considered such a wonderful thing far too precious to be seen; so she wrapped it up and put it away.

Many years passed and the daughter grew up, looking as her mother did when she was young. Through these years the couple had grown old, and until one day they had been very happy. On that day Shokuji fell ill and knew she must die. Calling her young daughter to her she said, "My darling, I will soon leave you, but before I go there is something I want to give you." Having said this she gave Mino San the looking glass. Looking into it Mino San saw her mother's smiling and contented face.

Shokuji then spoke again, "When I am gone, promise me when you are in trouble you will look into the mirror and know that I am watching over you."

Mino San readily promised, and always looked into the mirror and talked to it, telling it her troubles.

In the years that followed, Mino San, through loving service continued to grow more and more like her mother.

Helen Ciral—'37

MISTAKEN PIERRETTE

Janet Sears stood before the long mirror in the school dressing room and surveyed herself proudly. She thought the pierrette costume disguised her beautifully, and besides, she had told no one what she intended to wear. She placed a black mask on her pretty face, took a last glance at her reflection and walked out.

Passing a group of masqueraders at the head of the stairs leading to the assembly room, a girl grabbed her arm and said, "Oh Margo! I wouldn't have known you anywhere, except that Jim Norris told me you were a pierrette; so I could let you know he's waiting for you at the foot of the stairs. There he is now!"

The girl pointed to a tall boy in a pierrot costume, who stood looking anxiously about for someone. Janet stood looking dazedly at the girl.

"Margo?" she exclaimed. Could it be possible that she, Janet Sears, the new girl, could be mistaken for lovely sophisticated Margo Blain, the most popular girl in school?

She turned to the girl,

"But I'm not ——" She was gone.

Janet hurried down the stairs and slipped past Jim Norris. But he had caught sight of her, and was soon hurrying through the crowd of young folk after her.

"Are you running away from me?" he asked as he reached her side, "Or was my disguise so good that you didn't recognize me?" he added laughingly.

"Neither," Janet said. "You see you've made a mistake. I ——."

Jim had her arm and was pulling her out on to the dance floor.

"Come on, Margo. Let's dance."

Suddenly she was in his arms and they were gliding across the floor, Pierrot and a mistaken Pierrette. She had to tell him. She knew he wouldn't have asked her to dance if he'd known she was not Margo. It was too good to be true. But, why should she tell him? It was a masquerade, wasn't it? It was so thrilling! Jim had never even noticed her. He seemed to have eyes for no one but Margo.

"What's the matter? You're not a bit talkative tonight. Want some punch?" he asked as the music stopped.

"Yes, I'd like some."

At the punch bowl Jim saw his seat-mate, Ed Carson.

"Did you see Margo? She came with Bob Reed. She must have had a change of heart," Ed said.

"Margo with Bob! Why, she's been with me ever since she came," Jim laughed. "She's waiting for me now. Say this is a real masquerade!"

But Jim wondered as he went back to Margo.

They drank the punch and then danced again. Gradually the conversation increased and Janet forgot that she was a mistaken pierrette. Jim, too, in his enjoyment, almost forgot all about Margo, although realizing his mistake. But he didn't know who she was. He'd have to wait till midnight.

At midnight the music stopped and someone announced that everyone must unmask.

Janet turned and hurried up the stairs. She just couldn't let him know who she was. That would spoil everything.

But Jim grabbed her.

"Where are you going?"

"Why I, er, — I have to go. It's — getting late" she faltered.

"Oh, you can't go now! The party is just beginning. And besides you haven't taken off that mask yet."

"It's been such a mistake," Janet sobbed miserably.

Jim drew her mask off.

"Why, Janet Sears! I never thought of you," he laughed as they walked down the stairs again. "This is the best mistake I ever made."

Marjorie Wescott. —'36

SOMETIMES IT PAYS

It was a beautiful Sunday morning. I knew it was warm, partly because I felt it and partly because I could hear voices that I never heard when the weather was cold. I felt very guilty to be lying in bed on a day like that. Voices always seem to carry in warm weather, probably because one's windows are always open.

In the yard below I could hear the boy from upstairs calling to his dog. "Here, Prince, here, Prince!"; the voice grew more firm. Another voice broke in, coming from a window somewhere above. "Albert, don't you dare go very far!" The voice was that of the boy's mother.

Everyone in the neighborhood knew of the family; it was the most talked-of family in the block, and the talk wasn't always pleasant, for it was generally believed that the boy's father was a gangster or something of the sort. This always made me feel sorry for Albert; he was such a quiet, gentle boy, so unlike the rest of the family.

I heard the answer then, "All right, mother, I'll just stay here in the yard."

Prince barked once or twice; then I could hear Albert's father and mother arguing. Their angered tones echoed loudly down between the buildings. Out in back somebody started a car; I lost the drift of the argument. They often argued on Sunday mornings but usually the windows were closed and I paid little attention.

There was a short silence followed by the loud tones of Albert's father, issuing forth from the favorite window. "How many times have I told you not to play 'gangster'?"

I smiled for, although I could not see Albert, I could imagine his peering around the corner of the building with his make-shift machine-gun and I listened closely for the "rat-tat-tat" that he made by some contortion of his mouth and then I knew that Prince would roll over as if dead, as I had often watched the pair of them playing this game.

The next sound that I heard was someone coming down the back stairs and then I heard Albert and his father going around toward the front. As they passed under my window I heard their conversation, very distinctly.

"How many times have I told you not to play that game? Do you want the neighbors to talk? And what's more it never pays to know anything about gangsters."

"Doesn't it, Pop?," was Albert's questioning reply.

"No, it doesn't," replied the father curtly. "Why, you wouldn't even know a gangster if you saw one."

"Well — I bet those men I saw out in front in that big Packard touring car would make good gangsters," Albert said in defense.

"What men?," asked his father in a low voice.

"Some men that have been out in front all morning. I saw them drive back and forth four or five times and I've been pretending that they're gangsters. They sure look tough; they stopped once and asked me what my name was!"

"You come with me!" There was a hurried retreat back under my window and I heard Prince run up the back stairs ahead of Albert and his father.

I got out of bed, slipped on my robe and hurried to the front of the house. The big Packard car was just driving away!

That evening Albert knocked on our door and asked me to take care of Prince as they were leaving town unexpectedly, and his father wouldn't let him take the dog. Huge tears rolled down his cheeks as he gave me last minute cautions as to the correct care of Prince. "And don't let him play gangster," he pleaded, "Pop says that it doesn't pay."

"Sometimes it pays," I replied, but Albert didn't guess my meaning, and, breaking into sobs, he turned and ran down the stairs to his mother who was waiting for him.

Margaret Tillinghast—'34

WITH APOLOGIES TO THOMAS MORE

Oft, in the silly night
Ere Slumber's chain has crowned me,
Old memory brings the sight
Of Faulkner girls around me;
The tasks, the fears,
Of girlhood years,
The tales of love they boasted;
Mistakes so rare,
Made teachers stare,
A gaze under which girls toasted!
Thus in the silly night
Old memories haunt and bound me,
And echoes bring the voice
Of Faulkner girls around me.

Girls thin, and short, and tall,
So graceful, so like a feather,
Disciples of Dalcroze all,
They suffered in silence together;
But soon they all,
Who trod those stairs,
Went forth to unknown worlds,
Their hopes were high,
They'd do or die,
In spite of circumstances;
But in the years to come,
Ere disillusionment has found me,
Let memory bring the light
Of Faulkner days around me.

Frances Burns—'34

A CLOUDY CRADLE

*In olden Greek times, many a child would ask his parents what made the clouds.
This was the story told to the children.*

* * *

"As you know, my child, Zeus and Hera were man and wife. When their first child was born, Zeus could not find a cradle grand enough for this little god. He had everyone in Olympus searching for a beautiful cradle, but no one could find one that satisfied him. He even had Hermes go to far-off foreign lands but he, too, was unsuccessful.

"Therefore Zeus frowned; the black clouds, which were the only kind that Zeus could make, drew around everything. The rain fell. Then Zeus ceased to be angry, for some god brought him a beautiful cradle, almost fit for the son of Zeus. As the black clouds cleared away, the warm sun shone brightly on the earth. It became very warm.

"Then, for the first time, steam began to rise from the ground. It drifted up to Olympus, right up to the place where mighty Zeus sat, in all his glory.

"He noticed the clouds of steam rising, but thought nothing of them. Hermes, however who was standing beside Zeus, reached out his Caduceus and pulled the white clouds towards him. Then he fashioned them into a cradle. When all was done, he showed it to Zeus.

"The cradle pleased Zeus mightily and he put his son in it right away. Then he decreed that there should ever after be clouds, for all the little babies on earth to watch."

Jane Anderson—'37

COURAGE

Huddled around a small log fire were five children, ranging from two to ten years of age, and the mother, father, and grandfather. The little ones, with the exception of the youngest, who was in his mother's lap, were on stools carved of wood, while the elders were on hard chairs.

Smiles were on the faces of all, in spite of the hollowness inside, as they listened to the eldest child, a girl, telling about her day at school. A sort of tranquility was in the atmosphere which not even extreme poverty could remove, and a bright spark radiated from the grandfather's eyes while he pulled his coat closely around him to keep out the cold.

Many questions were asked of little Cathy about her marks, what the teacher said, how she played with the girls and boys, who were her choice friends, and how the others were dressed. Cathy told her family in her sweet, modest way how the teacher had praised her before the whole class, and how each pupil had picked her out for his or her special friend. She talked at great length so that the others almost forgot their hunger and chill, until time to put the youngsters to bed. Cathy prepared them for sleep and then climbed in with her two sisters, and they all huddled together and were soon fast asleep.

Next day, cheerful as ever, Cathy left for school in her patched dress and with only a scant cup of black coffee for her breakfast. This mood lasted until Cathy was out of sight of home, but soon the grin faded and a look of fear took its place.

On arriving at school, only backs were turned on poor little Cathy, so she went to her desk to study. She could hear snickers of, "patches," "poor," "poverty," "prude," but Cathy could not help it that she was poor, and she was a prude only because they would not let her play with them.

The bell sounded and work began. Cathy raised her thin hand after almost every question was asked, but the teacher, looking down her nose over her glasses, only called on her when she did not know the answer. The other children laughed and poked fun at her, when the teacher harshly reprimanded her, and dear Cathy had to bear all her unhappiness by herself for she had not a friend.

As the final ringing of the bell let the others out to play, it was Cathy's signal to go home and help her mother with the work. But when Cathy, after a long walk alone, caught sight of their dwelling, with great courage she mustered up a smile, prepared again to make her family joyful with her tales of her happy day at school.

Elaine Spiesberger—'34

JUST KIDS

The sun, which had only just appeared, gazed serenely down upon the beautiful country beneath it. The early-morning dew lay gently on all the lovely symbols of Nature and the gaily painted cottages seemed to nestle among the tall green trees and the various colored and sweet-perfumed flowers. It was a perfect summer's day. Suddenly the profound quiet was shattered by a young boy who was standing beneath one of the opened windows of a cozy-looking cottage.

"Hey, Mary — ooh Mary — hey Mary, wake up!"

Almost the next minute the disheveled sleepy head of a ten-year-old girl appeared.

"Hello! Whataya want?" she said.

"Say, it's great out. Let's go berry picking, huh?"

"All right, I'll be right down."

Johnny stood outside waiting for her. Five and then ten minutes passed and he began to get impatient.

"Just like a woman," he thought, "always keepin' a fellow waiting."

Finally Mary appeared with two small pails, one of which she handed to Johnny and then, hand in hand, the children scampered off to a nearby blueberry patch. Everything was peaceful for awhile, each one busily occupied in filling his pail. They chattered gaily, stopping every once in a while to eat some of the berries which they had picked. At length Mary picked up a large luscious berry.

"See," she said, "mine's bigger than yours."

"'Tis not," Johnny replied as he held up an equally large one.

"'Tis so."

"'Tisn't."

"'Tis."

The argument became heated, each one firmly siding with his berry. Finally Mary stood up, seized her pail and said, "Awright for you. You oughta be ashamed of yourself for doubting a lady's word. I won't ever play with you anymore 'cause you're not a gentleman."

And without another word Mary turned indignantly away and headed for home.

"Can you beat that?" he said. "Why, she knows perfectly well that my berry was bigger than hers. All right for her, I won't ever ask her to come and play with me again. She'll be sorry."

With that threat in mind Johnny rose also, grasped his pail and headed for home — his face flushed not only with anger but from the warmth that was beginning to permeate the land. * * * * *

Maxine Rudolph—'34

"Oh Mary, do yuh wanna go swimming?"

"I'd love to. I'll be right out."

CASTAWAY

You don't hear much about shipwrecks anymore. Of course the newspapers and the radio report the "dramatic tale of the latest disaster," but I mean those thrilling half-true romances like "Robinson Crusoe" or "The Mysterious Island."

Naturally, there is a reason for this speculation. Like the man who has a new Scotch joke to tell, I am bubbling over with information, so I ask, "Have you heard anything new?"

I have. My story is true. At least it was told me by one of the people who took part in it (which doesn't, of course, necessarily guarantee his veracity).

This man, an old acquaintance of mine, whom we shall call Eustace to make his actions sound more logical, — this Eustace lurched into the open aisle of the car which was taking me to New York. He answered my cordial, if conventional, greeting and invitation by making himself comfortable opposite me.

"Well, what've you been doing lately?" I asked. "Any more cruises?"

A faint smile broke his distant look for a minute. "They weren't all pleasure jaunts, you know. There's buying and selling below the equator as well as above, and even on the islands between."

I was wondering impolitely what had given him the dreamy look with the weather-beaten veneer, but this wise remark penetrated to me with a shock. He went on, however, looking like a visionary:

"You know, the last time we didn't even reach South America. There was a nasty blow and a wild storm. We had all kinds of trouble, serious damage, fire, something wrong with the engines. They loaded everyone into lifeboats and sent us away."

My surprised and intent look was apparently all the encouragement he needed in his queer condition, but it also seemed to rouse him to a more normal wakefulness.

"It was really a weird experience — almost thrilling, but a little too serious. The boats were so small and the sea was still so rough from the storm. We thought we were keeping in the lane of the ships, but we couldn't have been. I think after awhile we didn't realize what we were doing. We were sick and wet — and bewildered, mostly. That's the way it seems now. We reached land, finally. It was an island, of course. We must have gone a little wrong. I don't quite know how we got there. Our greatest concern was our immediate welfare, I guess. I don't remember exactly how long we'd been on the island when the natives turned up to greet us. We couldn't quite believe it at first because it seemed so much like a play but not so funny. They made queer noises, rather like modern music — no connection. They herded all of us along, in time to their idea of music, and talking at a great rate. They were surprised, but they seemed to know just what they should do with us. We had no idea, of course, what the next act was, but we were worried. Bob, who had been a member of the ship's crew, and was more or less in charge, tried to cheer us up, because he said worrying made no difference at that point. It's funny. He tried to cheer up Mrs. B. who was annoyed at all of it; he tried to beat time to the drumming and general racket that accompanied us. One of the natives seemed to like this rhythmic waving of Bob's arm; he called someone else's attention to it. We could tell by his gestures. Some one said, 'Let's sing.'

"We muttered around for a minute, wondering how it would affect our strange escort. Mrs. B. wanted to drown out 'their infernal racket.' Finally we started, with our idea of a marching song, and as loud as we could make it.

"The effect was queer. At once the natives took notice of us. They stopped their own instruments, they stood nearly petrified. I thought first that they didn't like it and would kill us on the spot. They had some evil-looking knives and arrows mixed in with their beads and feathers and skins. Then the chief drummer grinned. He had beautiful white teeth, you know, and he really looked pleasant then. He started to pound his drum again. This time it was more of an accompaniment. The others looked happier, too. They grinned and, when we got to their chief, they talked to him very excitedly.

"When we stopped singing, more for breath than anything else, they made us start walking again. They had us sit down in an open space with lines of old men in front of us like judges.

"They made us sing for hours, I think. We were hoarse as well as tired, hungry, and about everything else. When we had had about all we could stand, — pretty soon we had to stop. We sang them everything. We had begun with marches, while we were walking, and then we had gone on to songs that everyone knew, even hymns; but mostly old songs that were familiar, like 'Auld Lang Syne,' and the older 'popular' songs; then we had even sung some new ones, but we preferred to sing in chorus, and everyone didn't know the 'latest.'

"As I said, we got tired soon and stopped singing and tried to make them understand what we wanted. I think they did. They seemed willing, if not anxious, to make us at home with them and very soon they started to imitate us. They tried to put some of the ideas we had given them into their music. They got the rhythms, especially the marked ones, like the military marches, really very well, but of course some of the effects were very — bizarre, to say the least.

"I think our singing really saved our lives. We hadn't known how the natives felt as they took us to their village before we started singing but we heard some lively arguing the next day and we thought some of them wanted to dispose of us. But we were a new entertainment to the ones who seemed to have the greatest influence and they seemed to grow more pleased and correspondingly accommodating as time and our 'performance' went on. We were very fortunate; in less than three weeks we succeeded in signaling a ship and getting back to civilization, a little hoarse, perhaps, but otherwise quite well off."

Eustace was slipping into a daze and I was still startled at his story. Finally I closed my mouth and tried not to look too doubtful. Just as I was about to manage a question, Eustace looked at his watch and said, "I'll have to leave you in a minute. I have to meet a man from the steamship company back in the club car. By the way, have you seen this yet?" and he dived into a briefcase he had been hugging.

"Will you get insurance on what you lost?" I asked. "Is that what you have to see him about?"

"Oh, no," said Eustace, showing me a copy of a new song, the top one of a large pile. It was titled "I Want to Go Back to My Little Grass Shack."

Elizabeth D. Stern—'34

ANIMALS

I love the many kinds of animals:
Some gray, some brown, some even inky black.
I always picture lovely waterfalls,
Beside whose stream a beast has left its track;
Perhaps a cub that wandered from the pack,
Perhaps some creature seeking out his prey,
Without which, he undoubtedly would lack
His meal, until a more successful day.
The Great Unknown has given us a gift
To cherish far beyond our fondest dream;
To watch o'er and protect, from one who'd lift
A finger's force, against the poor beast's scheme
To find food for its young; and so to end
I simply say, "A dog is man's best friend!"

Barbara MacBride—'34

JUST A NOTEBOOK

It was just an ordinary notebook such as we all carry to school. The cover was of fair imitation leather, and the clasps were good, but outside of that it had little other value. It did contain a few notes, some papers, and assignments, in my very illegible handwriting, and a few pictures drawn in odd moments when the class was particularly dull. But that was all, except a few blank pages and my name and address written on the front. So I suppose I shouldn't have been so upset when I sat down to study one night and discovered that I didn't have it. I searched the house, school, and the route I take to school, but without success. The notebook had just vanished.

At times I mourned its loss, but after a week or two I had practically forgotten all about it. Imagine my great joy and surprise when two months later, I received a package from Petrograd, Russia, and upon tearing it open found my notebook!

Hurriedly I turned the pages. On one of the formerly blank pages I found written a note addressed to me as follows:

"My dear Miss Tillinghast:

First, I must beg you to forgive me for this great delay in returning your notebook. It is entirely my fault and I am extremely sorry.

"No doubt you are wondering how I came into possession of your very interesting document. I found it one evening on Woodlawn Avenue, as I was hurrying home to pack, for I was leaving that night to take a position with the International Harvester Company in their Petrograd office. I took the notebook home, meaning to have it sent to you the next morning, when I would be on my way to Russia.

"The next thing that I remembered about your notebook was a month later when I opened one of my bags in which I had brought other notebooks and papers. There I found it. For a moment I couldn't place it. I couldn't remember having bought such a notebook; so, of course, I opened it.

"I was delighted, and for fully an hour I sat reading it through. I only hope you don't mind, but please believe me, it was the first hour I have really enjoyed since I arrived in this strange country. It took me back to Faulkner, even though I have never been there, even when my age would have permitted my sex to enroll.

"I was so glad to read something that did not end in a 'sky' that I fairly ate it up. I feel now as though I know several of your friends so intimately that I could call them by their first names. Indeed I should have to, for I couldn't find their last names. And in particular, I would like to send my greetings from Russia to 'Eva Leah.'

"My only hope is that you were able to replace the work you had done in it. The pictures, I feel, you can no doubt do over again with ease. I might add, with all apologies, that, while I enjoyed them thoroughly, you might take a lesson in art, if Faulkner has an art course.

"I developed quite an interest in your hockey team, and while it will no doubt be out of season by the time you receive this, I wish your team lots of luck — and no more broken noses (I read your note to 'Wede,' you see).

"Again forgive me for my delay. I only wish I could send you something to enable you to replace the time you've lost in my having your note book. Please accept, with my best wishes, this Russian bag I am sending you. While not large enough to hold your notebook, it may save you from losing other things in the future, even though your losses are my gain.

Respectfully yours,
Henry Miller"

That is the story of my notebook, — that mediocre insignificant notebook that, from simply being dropped on Woodlawn Avenue, has seen more of the world than I, who dropped it, will ever see.

Margaret Tillinghast—'34

THIS IS SUDDEN

Thomas B. Jones was suffering. Yes, he had a serious disease. If he were to go to a doctor he probably would be told there was nothing the matter with him. Oh, but there was! His appetite was all that it should be and he looked perfectly well, but he would get up in the morning with a strange far-away look in his eyes and brush his teeth with shaving cream. He would sit before the fire gazing intently into the flames as though he were looking into the future; then he would rise suddenly and pace the floor muttering under his breath.

Tom was not a case for an insane asylum. As I have said, he had caught a disease; quite a common disease but one that affects different people in different ways. Tom had caught it one night when he was out with Jane. His whole trouble was that he was suffering from an *acute case of love*.

Tom was not a handsome person, nor was he a Hercules. He had never done anything startling but he was well liked by everyone who knew him. However, it is important that you know that Tom was rather shy and has been accused, by some, of being a little old-fashioned in his manners and ideals.

Tom's big difficulty at the time I am writing about was that he wanted to marry Jane but he didn't have the nerve to ask her. If he only had more nerve; if he were only more like Joe Warren! There was an idea! Joe was one of those who had had innumerable attacks of the disease and would certainly be able to tell him how to go about it.

Joe told him that the next night the moon was to be full and that was always a help. "Get a date," Joe went on, "and take her for a ride. Go up along the river; watch for an opening. One is sure to come but you will have to use your own judgment as to that. If you don't recognize one, you can make it yourself. When it comes, stop the car, take her tenderly in your arms, tell her how much you love her, then ask her to marry you. You might also threaten to drown yourself right before her very eyes if she refuses, but that isn't absolutely necessary."

Tom decided to follow out Joe's instructions.

The river was certainly romantic in the moonlight, but somehow the required opening just would not come. Tom tried vainly to make one. He stopped the car at a particularly beautiful spot, but he couldn't take her in his arms. She wouldn't like that. At least, he hoped she wouldn't. Perhaps he was too slow and old-fashioned for this day and age, but he couldn't help it; he was built that way. He drove on; mile after mile of what would have been bliss, had he not been so tortured, rolled by.

Finally they were on their way home. Tom was going through agony; he felt he must get this thing over tonight. But his opening did not come. They stopped in front of her house. Tom suddenly said things he had no intention of saying; he didn't even realize until a moment after, that he had spoken. In reality he had thought aloud. It all happened as he was leaving her at the door.

"Oh, darn it all!" he said, "marry me."

"Sure thing!"

Frances Burns—'34

MALDO

Maldo was an urchin. He was just a ragged orphan wandering from one little village to another asking a little food in exchange for any work that he might do for the peasant farmers.

One morning as he sauntered down a road digging up the dirt with his bare toes, he dug uncommonly hard and his toe struck something sharp. He gave a little cry of pain and then sat down by the roadside to examine the damage. It was bleeding; so he tore off a piece of his ragged shirt sleeve, brushed the dust off the injured member, and proceeded to bind it up.

Having satisfied himself as to the strength of the knot, he went back to the road and picked up the stone. As he brushed the dirt from it, he discovered it was a very glittering stone, and looking at it again he found it was not just a stone, but a small ring with a beautiful gold setting. Now, though Maldo was eight, he had seen a diamond only once and so decided that it must be something precious and belonging to some wealthy person. But he must go on to the next village, for he hadn't had anything to eat since the previous morning. So he shoved the ring into his pocket and trudged off.

It was an hour before he reached the next village, whose streets were crowded with people dressed in gaily colored clothes. Men talked and laughed in front of the shops. Children sang and danced to merry tunes played by gypsy fiddlers.

Maldo asked of an old woman the cause of the celebration.

"Why, don't you know?" she asked surprisedly. "It's the king. He's come here to spend the night. He's on his way to France."

Then maybe it was the king who had lost the ring. He would find out.

"Where is the king staying?" he asked.

"At an Inn up the street," the woman replied. "Were you thinking of paying him a visit?" she inquired laughingly.

"Yes, I was," Maldo answered simply.

Whereupon the woman called to a friend standing near and told her in a fit of laughter of the beggar boy's intended visit to the king. Very soon there was a crowd laughing heartily and poking fun at the urchin.

But Maldo pushed his way up the street to the inn which was surrounded by a company of soldiers. Maldo drew the ring from his pocket and approached one of the soldiers.

"Please sir, could - - -"

"Get out of here, you little beggar," the soldier yelled. Then suddenly he caught sight of the ring.

"Come here a minute. What have you there?"

"It's a ring that I found on the road. I was thinking maybe it belonged to the king."

"I believe you're right," the soldier said, examining it. "And what's more, there's been a reward offered for it. Come inside with me."

Maldo followed the soldier in.

"Sit here and wait," he said.

It was only five minutes before the doors opened and a very majestic looking man came forward followed by a small boy.

"Is this the boy?" the king asked, for the gentleman was the king.

"Yes, your Majesty," the soldier answered respectfully.

"Have you found my ring?" cried the small boy, running forward.

"Yes, I think I have," the urchin said handing the child the ring, and looking at his satin shoes, velvet knee breeches, and white waist.

"I'm very glad you've found my son's ring," the king said kindly. "And here's your reward. Take that home to your mother."

"I haven't any mother, sir. But I'll be glad to have it, anyway," Maldo said happily.

"Where do you live?" the prince asked.

"No place in particular. I just travel around the country doing odd jobs for the peasants."

"What's the matter with your toe?"

Maldo explained the whole thing. When he had finished, the prince ran over and whispered something in his father's ear.

At the prince's request, a great change took place in Maldo's life. He was made a page boy to the king, and went to live in a beautiful palace near Rome.

Marjorie Wescott '34

THE "MUTINY"

One day, early in the spring, the "Golden Eagle," a ship owned by the wealthy Squire Durham, set sail from Dover for Mariguana, a little-known island in the distant West Indies. The destination of the vessel was known to a few only, since it was on a mission of the greatest secrecy. By devious means, Squire Durham had become the possessor of a map which showed where the pirate Kincaid had hidden the greater part of his loot. The Squire had fitted out the "Golden Eagle" and sent it in search of the treasure. The hands, twenty in all, had been chosen with the greatest care, and the captain was the Squire's only brother. The latter's son served as cabin mate.

As ships moved slowly in those days, twenty-five days were required for the journey. For three weeks all went well, but, on the twenty-first day, Captain Durham began to suspect that the boatswain knew exactly why they were heading toward Mariguana. That very day he warned his son, John, to keep an eye on the various members of the crew and to report everything he found out.

That evening John decided he would like an apple and so he slipped quietly up to the deck where the apple barrel was kept. Suddenly he heard voices which seemed to be drawing nearer. John jumped hurriedly into the almost empty barrel and, hoping to overhear something of importance, crouched down, scarcely daring to breathe. The owners of the voices seemed to be sitting down close to his hiding-place. John heard the boatswain say.

"All our plans are ready. We can go ahead any time."

Some one answered, "That's fine. Who is going to kill the - - -?"

"Shush! I heard something."

"You're crazy. I didn't hear anything. You're too jumpy and suspicious."

"All right. Now, listen. Everything must go ahead without a hitch."

Their voices dropped to whispers, and John could hear no more. What they had already said was enough! This was mutiny!

"How can I get out of here and tell Dad that they're planning to kill us?" John asked himself.

It appeared, however, that the crew had no intention of leaving. Finally, worn-out, John fell asleep.

When he awakened, John could still hear them talking. Since he was as stiff as he could be because of his cramped quarters, John endeavored to stretch noiselessly. He failed! The barrel tipped and fell over. The crew sprang to their feet and grabbed him.

"Oh! it's you," cried the boatswain, "what were you doing hiding in a barrel?"

"Nothing, sir. I just went to get an apple." Fearing he was about to be murdered by this man, John stammered out this reply and fell silent.

"Let's take him to the captain," said one.

John could have cried out with relief. He was going to have the chance to tell his father about these wicked men. As soon as he saw Captain Durham he cried, "They're mutineers! They're going to kill us! I heard them!"

"Calm down, my son, and repeat just what you heard."

While he was telling his story, John became aware of the amused faces of the crew. When he had finished, the men burst out laughing, his father among them.

John turned, bewildered, from one to another.

"Why are you laughing?" he demanded.

"Come into my cabin and I'll explain," said his father.

"It was to be a surprise but I guess you'll have to be told. As you know, tomorrow is your birthday and the crew was planning a surprise party for you. They were going to kill the pig which we brought along from England and the cook had planned a huge cake for you. Your sleuthing was too good. I have also told the men why we are going to Mariguana; so I guess you don't have to play detective any longer."

"I see," said John. "I guess after this I better stay away from apple barrels."

Ann Decker—'35



It was Christmas Eve. Mary was sitting on the floor with some OLD toys, when she suddenly became aware that Aunt Betty was speaking of Santa.

"— and, of course, if there isn't any snow, it just won't seem like Santa Claus weather at all."

By this time Mary had reached her aunt, and said to her in quite a dejected tone, "And, Auntie, momma says that if there isn't any snow, Santa has a awful hard time getting around, and—Oh, dear, if he doesn't get here, I'll be so sad!"

"Well, dear, now don't you worry! I really think momma's little girl had better go to bed, or Santa Claus won't even consider coming here tonight. Run along, Sweetness!"

Goodness! There was "momma" telling her to go to bed, and at such an early hour! — Well, guess it's better to do that, and let Santa have his chance to come into the house. After all, he never comes as long as you're awake. So with that, Mary ran up stairs, and within five minutes she was ready for bed, and to say her nightly prayers. She knelt down, and after wishing that everyone dear to her might be well and happy, she ended, saying,

"P. S. Please, Dear God, bring lots and lots of snow; so Santa won't have such a terrible hard time getting here tonight. Please, God — just as much snow as you have in stock!"

The next morning "momma" awakened her with a cheery "Merry Christmas, Mary!" and of course it didn't take that little girl long to realize that Santa had actually arrived at the house. Happily she tore open every package, and—my! What a grand assortment! And the crowning joy of all was a great tricycle — a thing she'd wished for for months.

Little Mary ran immediately to the window, to see if she could use her new toy right away. But there, covering the ground, and falling from the skies, was snow — snow — snow. Was there ever so much snow in all the world? And how white it was! Mary was truly delighted, even though it would put off her tricycle ride a day or two.

As the day went on, however, more snow fell, and more snow. This was the most snow, in fact, that the city had seen in many years. Gradually there began tragic stories and episodes of the day, due to the storm — until, by the time little Mary had to go to bed, many grave difficulties had arisen. Of course, none of these stories escaped the little girl, and when she was undressing herself she became very solemn and looked decidedly unhappy. Soon she began her prayers, just as usual, with a happy wish for all; and she ended by saying very gravely,

"P. S. — Please, Dear God, that wasn't exactly what I meant. You see, I didn't know you had that much in stock."

Barbara MacBride—'34

DEPRESSION DEFEATED AGAIN

THE SENIOR BRIDGE TEA

This year we departed from precedence in the way that the Seniors filled their quota for the Year Book. In the past years, the girls have had entire control in raising the money, either by giving a fashion show or by some other means. This year the Senior Mothers were at the helm and the result was a very successful bridge tea given at the Windermere East, February 20, 1934. There were a great many door prizes donated by generous friends which made the tea more interesting. We were fortunate in having almost one hundred people present and at the end of the afternoon, the Seniors had filled their quota and even had some money with which to help other classes. We cannot begin to thank the Mothers for their excellent cooperation, but when they see the Year Book, they will realize that their work was not in vain.

Eva Leah Berman.

THE SOPHOMORE CARNIVAL

Lights! Music! Balloons! Dancing! Popcorn! Hot Dogs! Orangeade! Barkers! Crepe Paper! Shamrocks! People!

On March 16, we were at the Soph's Carnival given for the benefit of Ye Olde Kismet. Everyone, especially the Sophomores, enjoyed themselves and had a grand time.

Bang! the last balloon busted and the Soph's quota filled.

Bobette Mayer.

THE FRESHMAN TEA DANCE

The Freshman class gave a tea dance on February 16 at the Windermere East Hotel from four to seven. This dance was given for the benefit of Kismet. For refreshments, they had tea and coffee and little cakes, which were on a long table and served buffet style. Helen Ciral and Audrey Flower, both of the Freshman class, poured the tea. Art Lyons and his men provided the music and although it was only a three piece orchestra, they played very well. The floor was excellent and dancing was very popular. Miss Georgene Faulkner, Miss Mack, Miss Farr, Mrs. Warfield and Mrs. Flower were all there and they acted as hostesses. Everyone had a grand time and the party was a great success.

Courtenay Ann Reid.

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BY HARRY
OLDEN-
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As the representa-
tives of Faulkner
School in the silver
monetary confer-
ence, Elbert Filt-
more, Milton Seedy
and Max Robinsca,
came tripping joy-
ously and trium-
phantly (at last!)
out of the House,
the waiting mob,



wild with joy, un-
ruly rushed upon
them, seized them,
and carried them for
nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile
on its shoulders.
They just couldn't
make it a whole
mile, though; even
such a crowd as this
couldn't take it.

Max Robinsca's
hanky was lost in the
shuffle, but outside
of that, nothing seri-
ous happened to our
heroes. However,
the crowd was seri-
ously hurt, two were
trampled upon, and
six bad bunions were
developed amid the
deafening crash of
falling arches.

clamor



KATTY KORNER

II

FAUX PAS

"Avez-vous un rhume?" (Have you a cold?)

"Non, Madame, mais je suis un petite cheval."
(No, Madame, but I am a little horse).

APOLOGY

Spring time hasn't come as yet,
But when one's mind is dizzy
From lack o' sleep and lack o' eats,
His pen just must get busy.

It isn't my sort to grind out stuff
And contaminate the mails,
But lack o' sleep and lack o' eats
Is bound to rip one's sails.

Maxine Rudolph.

A GARDENIA

You brought a gardenia to me
And I was filled with ecstasy;
"For your sweetness, your pureness," you said, "wear
this."

Whereon I thanked you with one fond kiss.
Now since we are Mister and Missis,
I no longer know what bliss is,
For instead of a fragrant gardenia at my neck,
'Tis my fate to boil cauliflowers by the peck.

Anne Fishell.

SOME FUN, EH, KID?

Father—"Betty, why did you have to stay after school
today?"

Betty—"The teacher told us to write an essay on the
result of laziness, and I turned in a blank
paper."

The bright pupil looked long and thoughtfully at
the second question, which read, "State the number
of tons of coal shipped from the United States in
any given year."

Suddenly his brow cleared and he wrote—"1492
—none."

Barbara McBride.

Famous Sayings of Famous People

"You can be had."—Kappa Lambda Epsilon.

"ME"—E. L. B.

III

"A" (RARA AVIS)

You really do deserve a prize,
Your heart's so hard, I can't devise
A plan with which to make you realize

We want you!

We've tried each wile, each girlish trick,
To win your heart, and make you stick,
But you just pass us by and never think

We love you!

The chase is through
The record's here, and you're not true
For when you see somebody new
You say, "I love you!"

With apologies to B. Mayer.

DEAR ANYBODY-WHO-READS-THIS:

This was to be a pot-pourri of all the extra weird
things that happened at our dear old Alma Mater,
but it somehow fell through. It probably would have
been dry anyway; so I decided that I would leave a
nice clean piece of paper here which you could use
for shelf paper or for paper to use as paper, or
paper to use as wrapping paper, or paper to use as
paper to wrap up paper or for wiping your face, or
anything you consider worth while going to the
trouble of tearing this out. Tsk, Tsk, my good
friend, this column seems to be filling up at last with
something *really* worth while (?) Oh dear, you
probably won't have any paper left to do all these
lovely things with, so I will have to bid you, one
and all, a fond farewell!

FAREWELL!

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A

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This year there have been thirteen of our graduates at the University of Chicago, one completing her work for a doctor's degree, two at Smith College, two at the University of Wisconsin, three at Beloit College, two at Rollins College, two at Rockford College; one at each of the following colleges: Connecticut, Grinnell, Mt. Holyoke, Mills, Sarah Lawrence, Swarthmore, Wellesley, Wooster, also at DePauw University, University of Illinois, University of Indiana, and the University of South Dakota; four are in Eastern Junior Colleges (Pine Manor and Edgewood Park); there are three in business colleges; four in kindergarten training schools; five in various art schools; three in dramatic schools.

One of our graduates, Elizabeth Anne Oberndorfer, is holding for the fourth successive year a scholarship at Smith; one, Phyllis Burnell, is holding a scholarship at Mt. Holyoke. Frances Louise Jewett has been promoted to an instructorship at Wellesley; another, Leila Cook Barber, is an instructor at Vassar.

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m. Davidson now but not
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nerts
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Affectionately,

Anna Guin Pickens

Longly yours Jessie Farr

To a swell pal

Harriett

Benjamin

Geneva F. Mac Iver

Arlene Bacon.

Nancy Miller

With very great interest

& affection always

Love - Helen Harris Burghes

Loads of love,

Betty Ann

Dorothy Lewis

Maxine Norton

Clarine Marks
Adelle Whitaker

Here's hoping you stop
being silly, (motto)
Silly

From Paul
Min

Suzanne

Pfeiffer

From your zeal,
Jackie

Best wishes,
Marjorie
Griffin

Love to our Myra - your own "Story Lady"
Georgene Faellkner

Wishing you a life full of joy and
harmony. Helen Protheroe

To my dear Myra from her good
friend - Minnie Baker.

Don't forget our good times in the
Lower Primary, Myra dear. Helen Austin
Forever - Sally Jane Hayer.

